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GIFT OF

Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks

Received

June 3, 1905.

This little book, which contains an account of the old time when Judge George Strohm went to the Harvard Law School, is presented by his daughter =
 Nancy Strohm Banks.

New York. June 6th 1905.

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MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS

BY

GEORGE HUSTON

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SUN PRINT,
MORGANFIELD, KY.

1904.

Rec. June 3, 1905.

To My Daughter,
Nancy Huston Banks

INTRODUCTION.

It is in the eighty-third year of my life that I compile this account of my ancestry and these true stories of my own recollections. As far back as half a century ago I began making written entries of all that I could learn of the Huston or Houston family, jotting down from time to time in a note book, which now lies before me, such facts as I deemed important or interesting.

Of these most of those going beyond my recollection have been gathered from Mrs. Nancy Huston Spalding, my father's sister, a woman of remarkable intelligence and wonderful memory, who lived to an advanced age with unimpaired faculties.

The earliest accurate knowledge of my ancestors is of my great-great-grandfather, Robert Houston, for so the name was spelled up to the beginning of the last century, when, for some unknown reason, my grandfather altered the spelling to its present form.

Robert Houston was born in Scotland about the year 1730, the youngest of three children. His father was wealthy, owning a large distillery, together with much other valuable property, and being ambitious for his children he gave each child a liberal education. The eldest son became a cap-

tain in the British Army and for distinguished military services was granted, by the King, a large tract of land in Ireland near Belfast. An eminence known as Houston's Hill is supposed to be a portion of this grant.

The youngest son, who was my great grandfather and who was named Robert, for his father, went to Ireland when a youth to visit his brother, the captain. While there he made the acquaintance of a sea-captain whose ship traded to America. Thus hearing of our country and its great opportunities, and receiving an offer of free passage, Robert Houston accepted the generous invitation and sailed on the ship of his friend. He landed at Philadelphia in 1747, a stranger and without means of support. But the sea-captain proved himself a true friend. He introduced Robert to some of the leading merchants of the city and, indeed, did all that he could to help him gain a start. The mechanical arts were in great demand and it was on the advice of the ship's master that Robert took up the cooper's trade. He learned it so well and so quickly that he was soon able to set up in business for himself. He had meantime made many acquaintances, also, and when he was about twenty-five years of age—in 1755—he was married to the daughter of a wealthy farmer living near Philadelphia. The young couple, through a gift from the bride's father, came into possession of six hundred acres of valuable land lying near the city and worth a fortune even at that day. Robert Houston now left off the coopering business and gave his whole

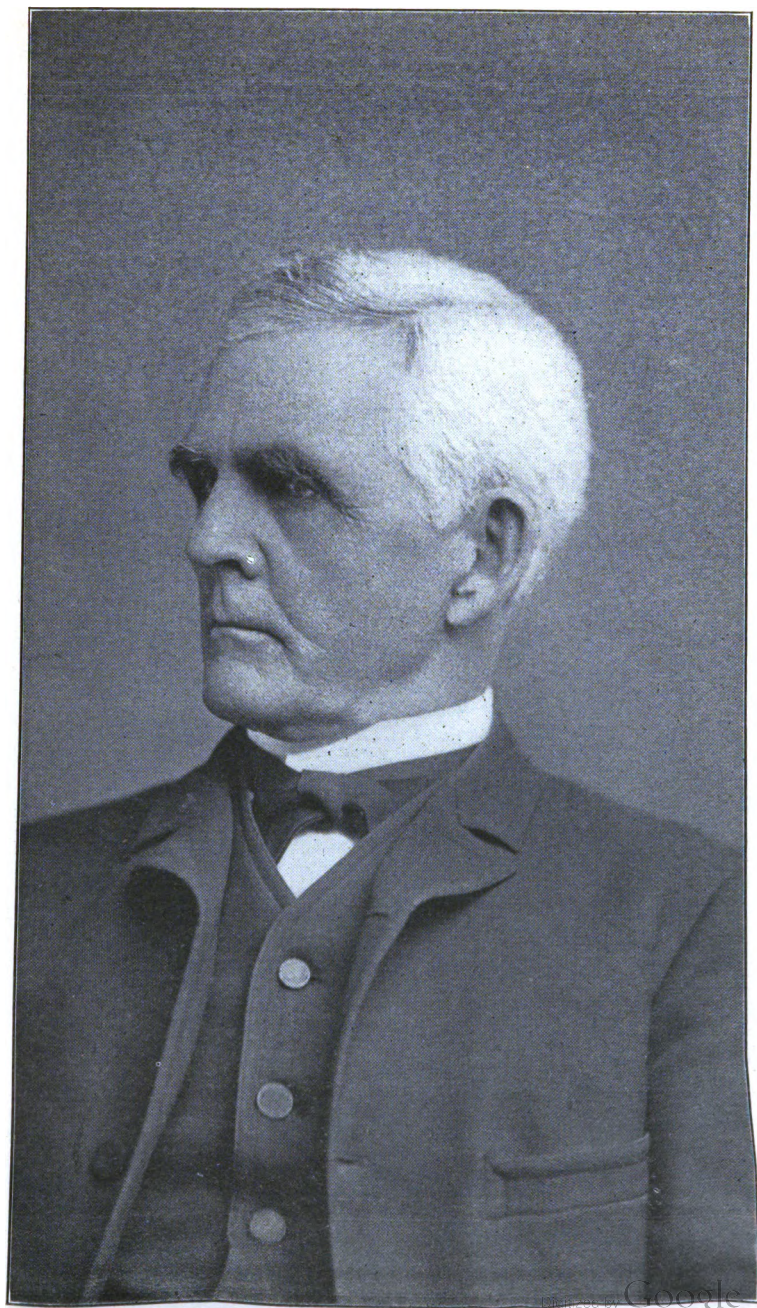
attention to this farm. But here disaster soon after befell him. He was induced to enter as security for some of the very men whom he had thought himself lucky to know on first coming to America. They were merchants of high standing but a commercial panic came—and Robert Houston was ruined.

At that time imprisonment for debt prevailed in all the colonies. For fear of this, or because of wounded pride, his wife, who was a woman of much energy and great strength of character, urged their removal to a new country. Accordingly they left Philadelphia and went to the newly settled state of North Carolina and there found a home in Person county, adjoining Virginia. Having no money Robert Houston bought a farm on credit. There was a peach orchard on the farm and in this he found a way to rebuild his fortune. Brandy was a source of large profit and in great demand, since few knew how to make it. Through his knowledge of distilling, acquired in his father's distillery in Scotland, together with his skill in coo-
perage learned in Philadelphia, Robert Houston was able to use this peach orchard to the best possible advantage. The farm was soon paid for and a large additional estate was rapidly accumulated.

Robert Houston had seven children, George, James, William, Molly, Betsy, and Sally. George married and removed to west Tennessee. James also married but remained in North Carolina, living and dying near the old home. William, the third son, was my grandfather. Molly, the eldest

daughter, married Houston Cooper, who was probably a distant relation, and removed to Harper's River in Tennessee. Jane and Betsy died unmarried. Sallie became the wife of Joseph Layton and removed to Kentucky.

William Houston—or Huston as my grandfather began, for some unknown reason, to spell the name—was born in Person county, North Carolina, on February 8th, 1760. He must have been very young when he became a soldier in the war for Independence and it was probably late in that struggle. I have not been able to establish the precise date of his entering the army, but on searching the records of the Revolution I had no difficulty in tracing his movements through the latter part of the war and I found that his last service in the Revolution was guarding Burgoyne's men after the surrender. At the close of the Revolution he was First Lieutenant in Captain Hugh Barnett's company of Colonel John Washington's regiment.



Memories of Eighty Years.

CHAPTER I.

AN HISTORIC EMIGRATION OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A LONG JOURNEY THROUGH THE TRACKLESS WILDERNESS. MEMORABLE INCIDENTS OF THE WAY. THE SETTLEMENT IN THE NEW STATE OF KENTUCKY.

On leaving the army William Houston returned to his home in Person county, North Carolina. When he was twenty-five years of age—in 1785—he was married to Susan Allen, a young lady of the same neighborhood, who was one year older than himself. The land of that region was not rich, there was little business other than farming and he soon began to look about for a better location. There was much interest just then in the newly settled state of Kentucky, where the soil was said to be fabulously fertile, and he made up his mind to remove with his family to Kentucky. Many of his neighbors were of the same mind and within a very short time he had gathered around him a large party willing and eager to go with him into the wilderness. Among those who joined him

were several soldiers, old comrades of his who had fought with him in the Revolution. All were accompanied by their families and their slaves, making twenty-eight families altogether, so that the entire party was a very large one. There were thirty wagons covered with cotton cloth, which was drawn over hoops made fast to the wagon body, and each wagon was drawn by four horses. In addition to these teams were many saddle-horses, for a number of the men and women made the long journey on horseback.

The party assembled by agreement at Roxbury and the historic start of this great emigration was made from that town on the morning of September the 25th, 1805. My grandfather, as the organizer of the expedition, was, of course, the head of it, and his three wagons and twelve horses led the way.

This long train then moved toward Cumberland Gap, where its really hard experience was to begin. Passing the Gap the travellers reached the Wilderness Road and held to it, turning from it only to avoid water courses or to find fording places, there being no ferries. I have heard many thrilling stories of this great journey from my aunt, Nancy Huston, my grandfather's daughter, who made it with the rest of the family, and who was at the time an intelligent, observant girl of fourteen. It was from her that I learned of my grandfather's masterly ability in managing the whole vast expedition. As an illustration of his

forethought, it may be mentioned that he carried a grist-mill in one of his wagons, knowing there were no mills for grinding grain in the new country. This was worked by man power and used for the grinding of corn, and I have often seen the burr-stones belonging to this ancient mill. It was understood that my grandfather also carried a trunk filled with silver coin. It is likely that neither he nor anyone of all the large party had much money, since they were all leaving their old homes and seeking new ones solely in the hope of making a better living. But they certainly took with them in cash all the money they possessed, there being no other way at that day.

The story of this time that my aunt most loved to tell, and the one that I most loved to hear, was the beautiful story of my grandmother's courage and kindness and patience which endured uncomplainingly to the end. She seemed to have held herself equally responsible with her husband for everyone's welfare, since they were the leaders of the expedition, and in this unselfish concern to have lost all thought of her own trials.

In the wildest parts of the country the caravan corralled at night, as became the custom with western trains long afterwards; that is the wagons were placed in a circle with the horses and men on the inside. This was a measure of protection against the dangers of the wilderness, but it could not keep the rain from pouring through the wagon

covers on to the exhausted women and children, who were trying to rest and sleep; or shut out the terrifying howls of the surrounding wolves. This, and much more, I heard, not only from my Aunt Nancy, but from another member of the expedition, an old gentleman whom I knew in my youth. He was a boy of twelve when he came with this emigration from North Carolina to Kentucky, and still remembered it with singular distinctness, recalling minute details of its events, then more than eighty years past, for he was very old. He remembered even the names of three of my grandfather's horses—a curious freak of memory. A more important and interesting recollection of his was of a negro woman—one of my grandfather's slaves—who had given birth to a child during this long journey through the wilderness, thus causing grave perplexity and trouble, as no one at first knew what to do. Leaving the mother and child in the wilderness was not to be thought of, yet the woman was unable to travel, and the large party could not wait for her to recover. At last some one hit upon a plan. It was finally decided to swing a hammock from the bows over a wagon, which was done, and in this hammock the mother and child were placed, with comfort and safety to both, and the long train once more moved on. While on the way many of the travellers left the wagons and dismounted from their horses and marched long distances in pleasant weather. The

greatest difficulty to be encountered was the crossing of deep streams. It was one of the exciting incidents of the journey that my grandfather's sister was nearly drowned while swimming her horse across a river. As she was swept from her saddle she cried, "farewell to this world," thinking she was lost. There were, of course, no bridges anywhere, and when swollen streams could not be forded the train had to stop until rude rafts of logs were constructed, and it was on these that the crossings were made. So the emigrants slowly and painfully struggled on through the unbroken forest, till they came to a more settled country, and at last reached Bardstown, where they stopped for the first time to rest. But the rest was for but one day and they pushed on, reaching Louisville about the middle of December. Here there was great inducement to settle, and the leading men of the expedition made a careful examination of lands lying along the Beargrass creek which were offered for sale at \$6 the acre. But only a few of the party were able to pay the price, which was high for that time. My grandfather would have liked to have bought land in this location, and would likely have done so, had he not been unwilling to leave those who were in a manner dependent upon his guidance in finding less expensive homes. His friends and followers were forced by lack of means to go on looking for desirable land at fifty cents an acre. For this reason he gave up the idea of buy-

ing a farm on the Beargrass for himself, and casting his lot with his followers went on with them toward the southwestern part of the state. On Christmas day the train reached Hardinsburg and here my grandfather rented a farm and there left his wife and family. Alone, he went on—still leading the party—till they found the lands they sought near Green river. Here he also bought a large tract of land on Panther creek, "which is a branch of Rough creek, which is a branch of Green river," as Washington Irving describes this identical locality in one of his famous stories. Here Irving was in error, for these streams are miles apart.

Having bought the land, and having taken steps to have it cleared and a house built upon it, my grandfather returned to the rented place near Hardinsburg and lived there with his family till their own home, with its new log house, was ready for occupancy.

At this time my grandfather's immediate family consisted of his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. But John, the eldest, was married soon after the settlement on Panther creek, and both the daughters also left the new house before long for newer homes of their own. So that Benjamin, the second son—my father—was left alone to help his father in the management of the farm and slaves. There was a large family of these black people, and they were the most

valuable part of the estate, for the possession of slaves at that period was the most desirable of property. It was far better than land, which had little appreciable value, and even better than money, because it was visible wealth which all could see. The slaves themselves, curiously enough, were influenced by it and had no respect for those who did not possess slaves.

Benjamin Huston, my father, was born in North Carolina on May 22, 1788, and was accordingly in his seventeenth year when he came with the family to Kentucky. Five years later, in his twenty-second year, he was married to Hannah Friley, the daughter of a neighbor and the descendant of an old Virginia family. From the time of their marriage in 1810 up to the death of my grandfather in 1821—when the place became my father's—my parents lived on this farm which my grandfather had redeemed from the wilderness.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN THE BACK-WOODS OF KENTUCKY IN EARLY DAYS. PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS. THE RELIGIOUS FANATICISM THAT PERVADED THE COUNTRY. THE FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSES AND THE PIONEER TEACHERS.

And here I was born in the year that my grandfather died. There were already three children in the family, but they were all daughters. My father and mother both ardently wished for a son, and there was great rejoicing over the birth of the first boy when I appeared at last on the fifth of February, 1821.

There was no physician in the neighborhood at that time. Doctors were, indeed, few and far between in my own recollection. But trusty midwives were to be had, and the most widely and well-known of these was "Aunt" Franky McFarland, a large, fleshy old woman who rode a black horse. She was summoned from far and near and came eight miles to assist in bringing me into the world.

My earliest distinct recollection goes back to a time when I could not have been over four years old. In the fall of that year, my father, who was

always fond of hunting, in a country abounding in game, took me out for a little hunt. He soon found a squirrel in the top of a tree. Pointing to the small bunch of gray fur, he shot, and down came the squirrel! I ran and picked it up, but the little creature was only wounded, and grasped my left hand in his teeth and firmly held on to his bite. Pain and fright caused me to scream. Father freed my hand and after killing the squirrel carried me home in his arms. To this day I bear scars showing the marks of the squirrel's teeth.

Another very early experience that impressed itself upon me was going with my elder sister to the house of a neighbor in order to get the measles, and this I believe occurred in the same year. It is hard to understand the reason for taking such a step as this. Possibly it may have been regarded at that time—when medical science thereabouts was in its infancy—much as vaccination or inoculation is regarded in these days. At all events the heroic measure proves my mother to have been a woman of courage, of firmness and great strength of character, one who was able to do what was generally thought to be the best in the face of all her natural fears. Accordingly we were sent in the charge of Aunt Nancy and told to kiss the children who had the complaint, which was then prevalent in the neighborhood. We did as directed and both my sister and I forthwith took the disorder and certainly had it quite as thorough-

ly as could have been desired. And during the entire time that we were ill with the measles, we were confined to a dark room and allowed scarcely any food, and were given nothing to drink but nauseous hot teas made out of the leaves of the sage bush or the bark of sassafras roots. And even these drinks were without sweetening, for mischief was then supposed to lurk in sugar. Long years after my Aunt Nancy told me that the main purpose in sending us was to insure our having the disease in the spring of the year, when it was thought to be less dangerous than at any other season. If so the purpose was served, for when we were permitted to look out of the window the apple trees were in bloom, truly a beautiful and charming sight for children in our condition.

Another very early memory, almost as pleasant as the recollection of that blooming orchard, is of repeated visits to the house of my uncle, Mr. Joseph Layton, though the visits were really to his wife, Aunt Sally, for it was she whom I always wanted to see. The old lady had what she called a fatty gourd, or rather several fatty gourds, for she had more than one. These were very large and useful articles. They were grown in rich soil with great care and were used, in the scarcity of household utensils, for many domestic purposes; to hold lard, maple sugar and many other kinds of food. Some of these gourds would hold a bushel or more and the top was carefully cut in saw teeth

fashion so that it fitted exactly. On my visits to Aunt Sally, who was a generous soul, she always would bring out the biggest fatty gourd that she had, which was filled to the brim with the finest maple sugar, and would freely distribute the same amongst all of us little folks. The good old lady is gone these sixty years, and I am an old man but I have never forgotten the sugar or her goodness. Bless her kind memory!

And there is still another incident which also left its imprint deep in my memory and which must belong to this or the previous year. This is of the first money I earned, or thought I earned, which is indeed always a most memorable event in any man-child's life. My father was a large grower of tobacco, which flourished wonderfully in that rich new country, and some of his neighbors also cultivated it, or "raised" it, as the local phrase expressed the fact. Even the negroes were deeply interested in the growing and improvement of tobacco, each male slave being allowed to have and to raise and sell a little patch of his own. I had mine, also, that year, when I could not have been more than five years of age, and I then had not the slightest doubt that I actually raised the tobacco myself, although my father must, of course, have had the work done for me. At that day the tobacco was "prized" in hogsheads and shipped to New Orleans; and every share—even the smallest belonging to a slave—was kept separate and marked

when the shipment was made. A neighbor of ours, named Bannister Wall, built every spring a flat boat large enough to carry all the tobacco grown on lower Green river, possibly one hundred hogs-heads. On the sale of this yearly consignment, Mr. Wall's agent at New Orleans had standing and explicit orders to put the proceeds in cash in separate bags, each bag being marked with the owner's name. And this is the way the money came back to us that year. My father's bag, and that of each of his men-slaves and my own little bag, were all arranged in that manner. I remember what was in mine as distinctly as had it been but yesterday that I received it. There were three bright silver Spanish dollars, a real, or twelve and a half cent piece, and a half real in it. When this treasure was opened I felt that my wealth of riches was unbounded—far richer than I have ever felt since.

This thoughtful kindness is among my last recollections of my father, for on the twenty-seventh of January, 1827, he suddenly died sitting in his chair and dressing me, his son five years old. Young as I was I well remember the excitement and grief of the family, including that of the negro slaves. He was a good, kind, wise man, a modest, christian gentleman, and barely in the prime of life.

There seems to have been no change in our home life for some time after my father's death. Our house was always much frequented by travellers.

There were no taverns or places of public entertainment in those days. From the earliest settlement of the country certain farm houses were noted as stopping places for travellers. My father's house was famous among these, and it was a common occurrence for us to have one or more strangers, and often several, to entertain at night. It was a favorite stopping place for preachers, and these honored guests not only stayed in the house but preached in it, since there was no church in the vicinity. Almost as far back as my memory reaches I can recall the visits of one preacher in particular who came often and stayed long. This was a celebrated Baptist preacher widely known as "Tommy" Downs. He thought nothing of the fifteen mile ride on horseback between his house and ours, though he was then an old man. He usually came on Friday and preached on Saturday and Sunday. He was endless in his dry sermons and sorely tried my childish patience, or rather impatience, in his long discourses and unusually long prayers at night, and in the morning, and with grace at all meals. My mother looked on it as a duty to require her children to pay strict attention to these services, yet in my own case this was carried to an unfortunate excess, and I consequently imbibed such a dread and horror of religious worship that it was years before I recovered from the feeling. Intense religious fervor, amounting to fanaticism, pervaded the country in the days of

these early recollections. Nor was it confined to the white people. One of my grandfather's slaves, an old man named Charles, whom I can remember, was a leading negro preacher. Charles was a Presbyterian of the strictest kind, and in my early life the professors of that faith were always ready to contend for one cardinal point of the creed of Calvin—Predestination or Foreordination. Charles would harp on this upon all occasions. The other slaves of my father were rather inclined to doubt the doctrine, and used to tell a story about this difference of opinion in theology. Charles and some of his fellow-slaves, all belonging to my grandfather, were once plowing corn in a field where several dead trees were burning, and Charles as usual was propounding his Calvinism, when one of the black men suggested that "all that wouldn't do," saying that if one of those trees was to begin falling Charles would run away to save himself, just like anybody else. Charles answered firmly, "No, indeed;" declaring that had the Lord in the beginning foreordained that he should be killed by a tree it was no use trying to run away; "for what the Lord had ordered to be, would be." Soon after this a tree began to crack and fall, whereupon Charles ran with a determined effort to escape, and did escape. The other negroes were greatly delighted at the incident, which completely quelled Charles, and ever after when he would take up the subject of Foreordination the negroes

would laugh and say, "How about that tree, Charles?" This colored theologian was also the family shoemaker, and made all the shoes for everyday wear from leather tanned on my father's farm in a big poplar trough, the tanning being superintended by Charles.

The teacher of the neighborhood was also a frequent guest at our house in those early days. It was the custom for him to stop night about with all his patrons, but he really stayed most of the time at our house, for the reason that it was rather more comfortable than the homes of his other pupils, or because of the better and larger company usually to be found there. The first teacher I can remember was Craven Boswell. He was young, unmarried and a preacher of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith. I can recall his looks and dress very distinctly. He was a tall, thin man, plain, quiet and grave in bearing. In the cool season of the year he wore jeans clothing, made of cloth made in the neighbors' looms, and cut and made by these same weavers. The fashion of the day in our country required a coat of the dress coat order, with a large collar standing up high, a vest not differing essentially from that of modern style, the pantaloons large in the leg and tapering toward the feet to a small compass, finished by a band buttoning around the waist, and with a "smooth front." The entire suit was fitted with handsome brass buttons having raised

eyes, and a set of these expensive buttons would be used on a succession of suits of clothes. The cloth for this suit was usually dyed a brown color in the kettles often seen on the domestic hearth. Brown dye was made from bark of the walnut, or hickory, tree, but if a fine suit was desired it was apt to be blue, in which case the dye was made of indigo imported from abroad.

The school house in which Craven Boswell taught, and which is the first I can remember, was a log-cabin in the woods near my father's farm. It had a clap-board roof and wooden chimney. The benches were made of split logs with legs of poles set in auger holes. These seats were high off the puncheon floor and without backs. Mr. Boswell was competent only to teach the rudiments of an English education, spelling and writing being his strong points. All had to make their own ink. This was done by crushing the balls growing on oak trees and mixing this substance with vinegar. If we wanted red ink pokeberries were used instead. Our pens were goose-quills, nicely cut by our teacher, for all teachers then prided themselves on their skill in pen-making and pen-mending, for these goose-quill pens lasted but a little while before they required repairs. It was at Craven Boswell's school in this log-cabin that I learned my letters, how to read and spell and a little arithmetic. He taught the whole twelve months through without a vacation, and if a day

was lost it was made up on Saturday. His charge for tuition was eight dollars for a year. Every child carried in a basket his dinner for the day, and the teacher partook of this, as the mothers of the boys always provided for him, too. Most of the school-children came several miles. We had only one recess during the day, and this was an hour at noon. Should any mischievous person pass the school-house on horseback (for no one would venture to do so afoot) and shout "School-butter," the words would be taken as a challenge to combat, and were always taken as an unpardonable insult. On hearing this cry the whole school of boys at once threw down their books, darted out and chased the offender as long as their strength lasted, and if he was caught he received a sound thrashing. I have never learned the origin of "school-butter," or why it was so bitterly resented, but, so far as I know, the fighting resentment of it prevailed all over the west. Mr. Boswell had a hand-full of hazel switches, and kept them always standing in the corner in easy reach. He would throw one of these switches at an offending boy, who would pick it up and carry it to the teacher and receive a deserved punishment. There were a few girl pupils, and for these Craven Boswell kept a ferule, now and then making them hold out a hand for a rap or two on the palm. The school house had only one room, some eighteen feet square, and only one small window cut in the logs

of the side and filled with glass. Below the window was a rough shelf on which we learned to write. So my education went forward up to the time that Mr. Boswell was married, and resigned his position as teacher to settle down and become a farmer in the neighborhood. My next teacher at this house was Joshua Smith, also a young man, and from the adjoining county of Henderson. Mr. Smith seemed to pattern after Mr. Boswell in his manner of teaching, but did not hold the position very long. Looking back, I see that our games were mostly played with balls. "Bandy" was a favorite game. In this a ball, about the size of a billiard ball, was knocked to and fro with bandy clubs. "Cat" was a game in which the ball was thrown to the four corners and there caught. The teachers did not take part in any of our rough, simple games, further than to be lookers-on. When the boys conceived they were entitled to a holiday, and the teacher, from any cause, refused their request, sometimes a conspiracy was formed, and they would gather at the school-house in advance of school hours and bar the door so that no entry could be made, and this proceeding, if not too often repeated, was pardoned by the teacher and allowed to pass, the request being usually granted for the day and no further allusion made to the trouble.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE OF THIS GREEN RIVER COUNTRY. SINGULAR TYPES. PECULIAR LOCAL CONDITIONS. WHAT THESE SOUTH-WESTERN KENTUCKIANS WORE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY. THE GREAT SCANDAL CAUSED BY A SUDDEN CHANGE OF FASHION.

In thinking of my first teacher, Craven Boswell, I recall an incident which was singularly characteristic of the man, of the time and of my father's character.

A stranger wandered into the country and gave a lecture on Temperance at my father's house. The lecturer's printed notice sent through the neighborhood announced that he was a "Washingtonian" and that his motto was, "Taste Not, Touch Not, Handle Not the Unclean Thing," meaning thereby all intoxicating drinks. This was entirely new, and very surprising, for good manners then required a man of breeding and standing always to set out the bottle of whisky, or brandy, and invite every visitor to help himself. Not to do this was so strange and noticeable that the omission was regarded as an insult. Accordingly the new

idea came upon the whole community as a sudden shock and appeared to be sapping the first principles of hospitality. However, many of the neighbors came to listen to the temperance lecturer, and to hear the novel doctrine, through mere curiosity. The lecture was finally given before a large audience, and the hearers listened in silent wonder to its strange philosophy. At the close of the lecture the speaker capped the climax by producing a paper pledging the signers on their honor never to touch, taste or handle spirituous liquor again. He then called on the astounded audience for signers to this preposterous undertaking. No one spoke or stirred, till Craven Boswell, the young farmer and former school-master, quietly arose and walked up to the speaker and boldly signed the pledge. No other person followed; all the rest of the audience continued to look on in grim amazement. The lecturer went his way the next day, but trouble came after he had gone. When the next spring of the year was at hand everybody had logs to roll, for the country was still very newly settled, and the primeval forest had yet to be cut away. All the neighbors for miles around sent their slaves to these log-rollings, and came themselves, going from farm to farm and thus making these log-rollings into popular social meetings. Whisky was always expected, and always freely supplied on such occasions. So that it followed, and inevitably, quite naturally, that when Craven

Boswell invited all the hands of the neighborhood to come and help roll his logs, and, as it was known that he would supply no whisky, the majority of white men either laughed scornfully or swore at the messenger, saying, "Let Boswell roll his own logs. He wants to introduce new fashions into the country. We will have nothing to do with him."

Before hearing of this my father sent two negro men to Mr. Boswell's log-rolling, when it was usual to send only one man; knowing the circumstances and foreseeing that the unpopular young farmer would be short of help. I have no doubt that both the negroes which my father sent took with them bottles of whisky in their pockets, but that was not their master's fault, and it has always been a source of great pride and pleasure to me to know that my father did this, in opposition to the intense public feeling, and in spite of his own doubts of the wisdom of Mr. Boswell's open defiance of custom and popular opinion. He, himself, alas, did not live to see the turning of the tide. But Craven Boswell lived to be a very old man and to witness a great change in the sentiment of the community, and a greater one in the larger world, in regard to temperance.

I went to this log school-house with a neighbor's son, larger and older than I was, named Bardett Winstead. He was tall, red-headed and cross-eyed. In warm weather his family would often

get out of fire, for friction matches were then unknown. Most families kept flint and steel to strike fire in summer. Winstead's family were negligent on this point, and consequently were often without fire. In warm weather, especially, Barnett would frequently come to our house, which was fully a mile away, to fetch fire to cook the family breakfast. He was as tall as the average man and his only clothing, a long shirt with a big pocket in it, and a scrap of a straw hat. He usually brought a piece of punk and woolen rag in his pocket. The punk was obtained from knots growing on oak trees, and was of a dry, spongy nature. Barnett, going straight to our kitchen, would pull out of his pocket the punk, after which he would sprinkle his woolen rag with water enough to dampen it, and then, touching his punk to a coal of fire until it ignited, he would wrap up the punk, fire and all, in his dampened rag, put it back into his pocket, and depart for home, whistling as he went.

Another memorable acquaintance was a neighbor, a farmer named Anderson, an honest but eccentric man. He lived about two miles from our house, and owned a horse-mill, on which the neighborhood depended for bread. As these horse-mills, which had succeeded the hand-mill of my grandfather, were important features of the life of that day, it may be interesting to know how they were constructed and operated. Large posts

were set on end, being buried three or four feet in the earth and extending ten feet high, in a square of some sixty feet. On these posts were pinned huge square timbers, which, by the help of long polls, were used as rafters. With split pieces holding these a board roof was put on. To an upright log in the middle of the inclosure was framed a large wheel, studded with projecting cogs, and through this upright log was mortised a hole, and a large, long shaft was inserted for the team to pull by. This might be pulled either by two or four horses, moving in a circle and driven by a man or boy. The large cog-wheel worked into a trunnel head, which had attached above a spindle, to which was fastened the upper burr-stone that was thus made to revolve. The lower burr was fixed, and above the burrs was a hopper holding some four bushels. This was filled from bags taken from the backs of horses and carried up steps on the backs of men to a height of some ten feet, and then poured into the hopper. The miller, with his toll-dish, holding one-eighth of a bushel, would take out a toll-dish full from every bushel. Then the whip was cracked and the round of the driver began, the meal coming out of the spout into a chest below, was shoveled into bags and the customer departed home. If wheat was ground the meal was taken from the chest just as the corn was, but it was afterwards carried up the steps again on the shoulder, poured into another hopper

above a large box, covering the bolting cloth, and this cloth, stretched around a long frame, was turned by hand-power by a crank until the flour was cleaned of the bran. This part was, however, largely theoretical, for, in fact, as a rule, the mice had cut holes in the bolting cloth so that it freely admitted bran to the flour. As has already been said, Mr. Anderson was an honest man, but so poor a manager that he and his slaves hardly made enough to sustain the family, and the toll from his mill was his chief dependence. This amounted only to some six bushels per week, and it was Mr. Anderson's habit to grind up his toll (and it was said he tolled his own corn) on Fridays and on the next day one of his slaves would take the six bushels of meal on the forewheels of a wagon, pulled by two horses, and drive eight miles to Owensboro, the chief town, accompanied by his master on horseback. There the meal was sold for twenty-five cents per bushel, amounting weekly to about one and a half dollars. Mr. Anderson had a dread of debt and made it a rule never to owe any man one cent. However, he became in some way security in a debt of six hundred dollars for a neighbor, and, to his surprise and dismay, found he had to pay the entire amount. Before the honest soul could raise that sum the creditors sued on the debt. Mr. Anderson was much alarmed and hastened to my father to borrow from him the money, now amounting in all to nearly seven

hundred dollars, thus hoping so to stop further costs. My father had the amount, and knowing that Mr. Anderson was good for it, and wishing to favor a neighbor, readily loaned him the same. On the next Saturday Mr. Anderson passed our house as usual on his way to Owensboro with his meal, and upon his return stopped to give my father the one dollar and a half which had been received for the meal, offering the money as part payment on the seven-hundred-dollar loan. My father protested against receiving his debt in this manner, and told Anderson that he could not possibly keep the account if paid in such driblets. To this Mr. Anderson replied:

"My good sir, I can't sleep when I have money in my pocket and owe an honest debt."

No remonstrance on the part of my father was of any avail; pay Mr. Anderson would. On the following Saturday this scene was again repeated, and again and again, until father at last gave up and laughingly took an empty box, cut a hole in the top of it, and used to drop Anderson's money into this receptacle until the accumulation was large enough to justify a credit. When a very small boy I often went to Mr. Anderson's mill with the negroes, who were sent to have the corn or wheat ground, and I was very proud when allowed to sit on a bag of grain, or to lead one of the two horses which were taken for the draft. I thought Mr. Anderson a remarkable man, as, indeed, he

must have been. When at work, or riding on the highway, he used to talk loudly to himself. "It is so, sir; I vow it is so, sir," he would shout, at the same time forcibly gesticulating with his arms. Once a year, or oftener, he would get on a spree at home, drinking hard, and he would perhaps keep this up for several days. There was a pole in his yard some six feet from the earth, with a stump midway. In his drinking spells Mr. Anderson had a curious whim that he wanted to climb this pole and crow from the top of it like a cock. Stripping to his under clothes, and barefooted, he would get on this stump and then attempt to climb the pole, but before he could flap his wings, down he would fall. He would repeat this again and again. When I grew to be a lad Mr. Anderson had a daughter named Nancy, a nice girl of about my own age. He conceived the idea of having an alliance between our families by marrying his daughter to me when we should have reached a suitable age. He talked freely of this project until the whole neighborhood had it for a joke. He had made up in his own mind what dowry he would give Nancy, and spoke to my parents about that, offering six negroes—naming them. The slaves knew of the old man's purpose and were much amused at it, as the rest of the families concerned—with the exception of Nancy and myself. In after years I married a young lady other than Miss Anderson, and whenever I met the old man

thereafter he reproached me with defeating the purpose so strongly entertained by him.

The man for whom Mr. Anderson had suffered as security was named John Allen, and was rather an important personage. He was a dashing, handsome young fellow, belonging to a good family. His father was a well-to-do farmer, owning lands and slaves, yet John, oddly enough, had a fancy for cutting clothes, and such was his skill that all the fashionable young men went to him, begging, as a favor, that he would cut their clothes, to be made by their mothers, for there were no tailors in the country. And John's importance was suddenly and greatly increased by the fact that about this time a radical change in the fashion of men's clothing took place, causing a widespread sensation that approached consternation. The new style was universally and strongly condemned by all middle-aged and elderly people on account of the cut and make of the new pantaloons. Not only were these now altered from large, bagging legs to extremely tight ones, but there was a still more startling and even intolerable departure from the decent old-fashioned "smooth front" to the present style, then derisively called "possum-bellies," from a supposed resemblance to the pouch in which that animal is known to carry her young. Sedate people openly and loudly repudiated and pronounced this new style to be positively indecent, and something that no respectable man

could possibly wear. The young people, however, would have it so, being worthy then just as much so as they are now, and the remonstrance of their elders was of no avail. I distinctly remember all the stir, the dispute, the scandal and talk over this shocking innovation, and I recall being at John Allen's one day when Allen Smith, another young buck of the neighborhood, came with a piece of gay green cloth to get John to cut him a pair of pantaloons after the new fashion of "tights."

"Cut 'em tight, John!" urged young Smith. John Allen did his best and Smith went on to have his mother do the rest. Not long after he appeared at the new church, which had recently been built in the woods. He was wearing the wonderful green "pants." They were tight, indeed, as tight as the skin on his slim legs; moreover they were held fast at the top by home-made suspenders, which were not elastic, and at the bottom by strong straps passing under his shoes. He managed, however, to get off his horse, and as he walked proudly up the aisle of the church—clear up to the mourners' bench—he was observed of all observers. But when he tried to sit down he found it impossible to bend, and it was only after more than one attempt and failure, under the eyes of the whole congregation, that he finally threw up his feet and fell into a seat with a sounding thump.

It will be seen from this that these young people living in the backwoods three-quarters of a century

ago, cared about clothes, just as the young people of today do. And it may be of interest now to recall something of the kind and the source of the clothing that most of these early Kentuckians wore. The principal farmers had looms and spinning wheels. Wool was obtained from the flocks of sheep that most of them kept, and this wool, washed, carded and spun on large wheels by the slaves, or—in special cases—by the housewives themselves, or their daughters, then woven into jeans of linsey. This clothed the well-to-do men and women. The men wore the jeans and the women and daughters the linsey, except on Sundays, when calico or gingham, procured from the stores, was worn by the women able to buy it, for the cost of bringing so far made it expensive. The fashionable ladies had leghorn bonnets, imported from beyond the sea. These bonnets, called "Shyrakers," had wide brims, and were then considered expensive, costing some ten or twelve dollars. But every year or two some skillful woman of the neighborhood altered the shape and bleached it white, so that it lasted much longer than the bonnet of today. The process of bleaching was to suspend the bonnet in a barrel, cover it carefully and smoke it cautiously with sulphur, there being danger of burning it. One dollar was the price of thus making over an old bonnet, and new trimmings for it could be had for about twenty-five cents. Good jeans could then be had

at fifty cents the yard, linsey for half that sum. Cotton sufficient for the family was usually grown in the garden. This, during the long winter nights, was spread before the fire to heat it and make it dry and easy to pick. The seed were then easily taken out, and the cotton was soon well picked of the seed by the nimble fingers of the whole family. This cotton was spun on large wheels into what is known as chain to be woven into the wool of the linsey. The principal farmers always had a large trough, near water, in which hides were tanned into leather for shoes, gearing and other uses. A certain slave in each household was the shoemaker for ordinary footwear—as Charles was for our family. For fine shoes to be worn to church, or on special occasions, some one making shoe-making a specialty was called on. Hatters, who made men's hats from the fur of the country, were found everywhere.

CHAPTER IV

**A FAMOUS LAW-SUIT. LOVE IN THE SETTLEMENT.
SUPERSTITION PREVAILING AMONG THE IGNORANT
HUNTERS. THE METHODS BY WHICH THE UNSCRUP-
ULOUS WOODSMEN MANAGED TO DEFRAUD THE
STATE.**

While I was still a lad my Aunt Nancy returned to my father's house, on the death of her husband. She was young, attractive and brilliant, and many of the most interesting memories of those early years are associated with her. I can see and hear her now as she used to look while describing her part in the most famous law-suit of that time in our country.

We had a neighbor named William Smith, a rich man for that day, and a bachelor, who died leaving a large estate, which he had willed to be divided among several nephews and nieces, his nearest of kin. One of his nephews, Moses Smith, unexpectedly produced a paper purporting to be a later will of William B. Smith, which gave the entire estate to himself, that is to Moses Smith. A famous contest arose over this will, the other heirs contending it was a forgery. The question of its validity was tried in the local court, all the neigh-

bors being summoned as witnesses in this celebrated suit; and father, mother and Aunt Nancy were among the others. The case was decided in Moses' favor on the first trial. The other heirs, being dissatisfied, appealed, and, as the law was then, they had to go directly to the Court of Appeals at Frankfort, and all the witnesses in the lower court were also required to attend and testify at Frankfort before this higher court. Father, mother and Aunt Nancy were thus summoned and made this long trip of three hundred miles on horseback. The case was, for some reason, not tried when first called, but was continued to another term, and they were consequently compelled to ride back home and to make another horseback journey of three hundred miles to testify when the case was called again. Aunt Nancy used to relate with great interest how they were examined and cross-examined by Henry Clay, "Bob" Wickliff, John Rowan and other eminent Kentucky lawyers of that day.

Moses Smith won the suit at the end, and, as the amount involved was something like sixty thousand dollars, he was henceforth considered a very rich man—as he really was for that day and country. Nevertheless the neighborhood smiled at his presumption when he fell in love with Aunt Nancy, the charming and brilliant young "widow Allen," and paid court to her in his own peculiar way. He was an eccentric character. One cold winter's day,

when the snow was on the ground, Moses dashed up to our door, sprang from his sleigh and rushed into the house with his coat thrown wide open, his collar and shirt bosom unbuttoned and his throat and breast bared to the bitter wind. He strode straight up to the loom where my Aunt Nancy was weaving. She stopped, startled:

"Why, Mr. Smith," she was looking up at him with her dazzling eyes, "what in the world! I should think you would freeze."

"Freeze! Freeze, madam!" cried Moses, smiting his bare chest and striding up and down. "Do you suppose I feel cold with such a raging flame in my breast!"

Aunt Nancy's influence appears, indeed, to have reached most of the young men of the neighborhood. An ignorant, half-civilized young hunter, named Steven Crabtree, firmly believed that she possessed a good charm, stronger even than all the evil power of witches, and he relied upon it as his sole protection against witchcraft. He often came to our house to have "Miss Nancy un-witch his rifle," when he was unlucky in hunting. His coming was a singular scene. Clad in a deer-skin suit, with coon-skin cap, "Steve," as he was called, would come, bringing his gun, and he was so bashful that it required great tact to induce him to enter the house. Sometimes Aunt Nancy met him out of doors and, after shaking hands, would take his gun and say:

"Well, Steve, what is the matter with old Betty now?"

Steve would reply: "Witched again, Miss Nancy."

She would then say quite gravely, "Well, I will attend to that."

Turning back to the house, Aunt Nancy would induce Steve to follow. After Steve was seated, and watching every motion she made, she would go to the cupboard and get something—perhaps a pinch of salt or sugar—and drop it into the muzzle of the rifle, and then going to the hearth she would solemnly pour it out. This done she would sit down with the gun across her lap, and murmuring some incantation, would run her fingers along the barrel. Steve, meantime, was staring in spell-bound, open-mouthed wonder and admiration.

"Well, Steve, I think old Betty is all right now," she would then say. "Come out in the yard and we will try her."

Steve, eagerly agreeing, would spring up and they would go out together, and Aunt Nancy would fire the first shot, hitting a mark at a distance of forty yards. Afterwards Steve would try a shot. This would settle the matter, and, after expressing his thanks, as well as such a creature could, Steve would depart for home. But in a few weeks' time he usually had more trouble with his gun, and again and again visited Aunt Nancy to have her repeat the incantations. Yet Steve, for all his

ignorance and shyness, was, unfortunately, by no means the guileless, honest hunter that might be inferred from this story. In fact, he and all his family were the objects of suspicion and uneasiness to the entire neighborhood. They were all as superstitious as Steve himself. In front of the Crabtree house there stood a large poplar tree which had been chopped with axes until it was nearly ready to fall. The Crabtree family, one and all, firmly believed that in order to drive away the witches it was necessary to melt a piece of silver coin into a bullet, and having drawn a man's likeness on a poplar tree, to shoot the silver bullet into this picture. It was to recover these bullets that all the chopping on this tree had been done. And it was well known that none of the Crabtree family was scrupulous as to the means of getting the needed coin to make the costly silver bullets. Silver and gold coin were scarcely known in our country at that period. Gold, especially, was rarely seen. Some Spanish silver dollars were brought by flat-boatmen from New Orleans, but these were soon carried out of the country by merchants going east to buy goods, or by Virginians, who received them in payment for lands sold in Kentucky. The few silver dollars remaining in the country were generally cut up into change. Any one having a silver dollar would take a straight-edge, and with it would subdivide the dollar by marks into eight pieces, and then by aid of a

chisel and hammer cut it into triangular pieces called "bitts." These were in common use for change. Whole silver dollars were, consequently, very rare, but a man named Rafferty, living in our neighborhood, had two whole ones that he kept as souvenirs, and he had placed a private mark on each. These dollars were stolen and the owner was shrewd enough to go to two or three small stores in Owensboro, and there quietly make known his loss and private mark on the coins, with a request that the merchants should keep a lookout for his money and arrest any one offering to pass the silver pieces. We also had another neighbor, a half-witted man, named Lewis Layton, who was also a believer in the supernatural. He and Steve were intimate associates and always talking about happenings out of the natural order. Not long after Rafferty's loss Steve was at Layton's house, and their conversation ran as usual on subjects of the kind, when Steve said: "Lewis, I can go up to the end of your lane, right up yonder, and scratch money from under a log." They at once agreed to go and try this. At the mouth of Layton's lane lay a big log and Steve began scratching under this and soon produced a bright silver dollar, and, while Layton was inspecting this wonderingly, Steve remarked: "Lewis, I can scratch more;" and accordingly soon had another equally bright dollar. Lewis was so impressed with this ocular demonstration of Steve's wonderful power in necromancy

that on a visit to our house, a few days later, he told the family what a wonderful thing he had seen Steve do. Father remarked: "Lewis you are foolish to believe anything of this kind. Steve put the money under the log himself." This was a revelation to Lewis. Soon after Steve went to Owensboro, and, in payment for some purchases, offered one of these dollars. The salesman scrutinized the dollar, discovered Rafferty's mark on it, called in an officer and arrested Steve. On searching him they found the other dollar, with Rafferty's mark on that as well. Then Steve, rascal that he was, accused poor foolish Layton of passing this money to him. Layton, also, was arrested, and brought to my father, who was then a justice of the peace, to be tried before him. He, knowing the story about Steve's scratching this money from a log, that Layton had told him a short while before, declined to try the men, but had them taken before another justice, where his—my father's—evidence at once acquitted the simple Layton. Steve was held for further trial and gave bond for his appearance to answer an indictment in the circuit court, but fled, forfeiting his bond, and was, I believe, never taken, much to the relief of the community.

My father, as an officer of the law, had much trouble with the rest of the Crabtrees. They lived about five miles from our home in a vast forest, then scarcely broken. The family consisted of

the father and several grown sons, and their sole means of support was hunting wolves for the reward or bounty, offered by the state, of six dollars apiece for each scalp of a wolf over six months of age. Six dollars were a great deal of money in those days, and there were many active wolf hunters, but the Crabtrees had their own way of hunting, quite unlike other hunters. In the spring of the year, when young wolves were abundant, the old man and his sons would hunt in couples, and from their skill in hunting and knowledge of the woods, and with the aid of dogs, they would often find a den containing eight or ten wolf pups. They would first arrange to kill the mother, which was done in the following cruel manner: When alarmed by their approach she usually ran off a short distance and stayed hidden in the brush. One of the hunters would then take off one of his suspenders and tie it around a pup's neck, and by this means suspend the little creature to a limb of a bush, and while the other man stood ready with his gun, the first would whip the pup until its piteous cries brought the mother out of hiding and induced her to attack the hunter, when she was shot and her scalp secured. The pups were then taken to the Crabtree house, and, as no reward was allowed until they were six months old, they were reared as pets until the proper age, when they were killed, and frequently bags full of heads were brought by the Crabtrees to my father, as an officer, and upon

their taking oath before him that they had killed a given number of wolves over six months old, he could not refuse—with the scalps before him—to give his certificate to the destruction of the wolves, and the sum thus became payable out of the State Treasury. He and the whole neighborhood knew that these wolves were reared to the bounty age, and that the payment of the money was a fraud against the state, but there seemed to be no remedy.

CHAPTER V.

MODES OF HUNTING WHEN GAME WAS ABUNDANT.
THE LITTLE WILD CREATURES THAT STROVE WITH
HUNGRY HUMANITY FOR THE FIRST CROPS. THE
REMARKABLE INCURSIONS OF SMALL GAME THAT
FOLLOWED THE FAILURE OF THE MAST IN 1832.
CURIOUS THEORIES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE. A
MYSTERIOUS DISEASE WHICH RAVAGED THE
COUNTRY.

Those were great days for the real hunters. I can barely remember going with one of the slaves to a pen which he had built to catch wild turkeys. A turkey pen was built of small poles to the height of some four feet and, also, covered with poles. Under one side was dug a trench big enough for the turkeys to enter. This trench came up about the middle of the pen and a few heavy planks were laid over the trench near the wall of the pen, then shelled corn was freely scattered in this trench and over the floor of the pen. The wild turkeys would find the corn in the trench and feed on it, following the trench until they entered the pen, when, on becoming alarmed, they would go round and round the pen with their heads out between

the poles and never think of the trench, being proverbially silly creatures. Often a dozen or more were trapped at once in this manner. Going that day with Peter to his pen, we found several turkeys dashing about inside the inclosure. Peter, with a stick, tapped an old gobbler on the head and stunned him. Then Peter cautiously raised a corner of the pen and pulled out the turkey and gave him to me to hold. I sat holding the turkey's legs and watching Peter catch more, when my turkey suddenly revived and pounded me on the back so hard with the butt of his wings that I was compelled to let him go, and he flew away and was lost. Sometimes a flock of quail would find the turkey pen and go in and out through the cracks, eating all the corn. Then a small pen built of tobacco sticks would be made inside the turkey pen, and a trench dug to that and the trench and small pen baited for the quail, and a whole flock trapped at once. We also hunted quail in another way, with a net. A partridge net was made of twine, knitted in meshes, a long bag filled with hoops at a short distance, to hold up the net, and tapering to a point. The body of the net had wings similar in construction, but flat, and held up by sticks stuck in the earth, and these wings were placed so as to draw the birds into the main bag. On a rainy day these birds will rarely fly, but can be driven, and three or four men on horseback (one carrying the net) would hunt the field until a

flock of quail was discovered. If found on a stream, with willows growing on the banks, the net was set over the stream, and then all the sportsmen, making a wide circuit, would get behind the birds and slowly drive them towards the net. They would enter the knitted bag and run to the extremity, and there they would tangle their heads in the meshes, so that the hunters could secure the entire flock. This mode of hunting quail is now very wisely forbidden by law. The hunting of the raccoon was also a favorite sport, especially with the negroes. It was always in the winter, when the fur was valuable. Let a snow fall, and be followed by a warm night, and these animals were certain to come out of their hiding places in the hollow of some large tree, toward the top, to seek food. The day following the hunters would find the tracks made the night before and follow them in the snow until they led back to the tree where the creatures were hidden. This tree was then cut down by the hunters and the falling of the tree would so stun the game that the dogs would often dispatch the animals, sometimes as many as half a dozen in one hollow tree. Squirrels were so abundant that in my boyhood I had to go around each field of corn when in "roasting ear" with my gun, morning and night, in order to keep any grain for our food. Before starting on these rounds I would supply myself with a beech limb, having a knot on the lower end, to use to string my game on to carry

home. For several rows of corn next to the woods squirrels would be helping themselves to the tender ears and they could be readily discovered by shaking the stalk. I have frequently stood on one spot and shot three, or more, of these active little pests without moving, the poor little things being so intent on their feast that even the noise of the gun would not be sufficient to drive them away. By selecting the fat young ones and, with my knife, splitting the inner skin of the hind foot and stringing the squirrels on my beech limb, I would very soon have as many as I desired to carry.

The spring of 1832 was an early one and vegetation soon became luxurious; peaches were growing finely and mast—acorns and other wild nuts—promised to be most abundant. Late in May, however, a severe frost came and killed all the fruit and all the young mast. In the next fall a curious effect was the result. An immense emigration of squirrels, quail and turkeys set in from the north to the south side of the Ohio river. I remember going to Owensboro to see the tremendous excitement over General Jackson's election, and on returning home, down the bank of the Ohio river, I saw many excited men and boys with their dogs watching the edge of the water and killing all this game with clubs. The birds and turkeys that escaped the clubs could fly half way and swim the rest of the crossing. The squirrels swam all the way. On reaching the south bank all were so

wearied as to be readily captured or killed. Our home was some ten miles from the river, but the hordes upon hordes of squirrels soon reached us. Every farmer hurried to gather his corn to save it from this invading armies of beasts and birds. I, with my dogs, my gun, and followed by a troop of little negroes armed with tin pans and pails, to make all the noise possible, spent day after day in the edge of the woods at the end of the corn-field towards the Ohio, trying vainly to turn the incursion of game. I further remember that after the corn was hurriedly gathered it was necessary to chink the cracks in the corn-cribs to keep the pests from destroying the corn, so needful for the family's bread and to feed the stock. It was the failure of the mast north of the Ohio that drove the billions of these starving creatures south in search of food.

Our noblest sport was deer hunting, and the deer were almost as abundant as wild turkeys when I can first remember. A number of men would often join in a hunt and station a man at certain points a hundred yards apart, round a locality in which the deer were known to hide in the brush. One man, followed by the hounds, would ride through the thicket, start the deer, which were shot as they ran past the stands where the hunters waited. A hunter knew the exact time when the deer was to be found hiding in the thicket, knowing just when the new horns had

taken the place of the old ones, and when these new horns were so tender that the deer must seek relief from the torment of flies by going into the thickets. I have frequently participated in these drives when I was a lad. It required a steady hand and a cool head not to get excited and shoot too quickly, and so miss the game. During the greater part of the year hunters had to resort to "still hunting." This could be done only by a practiced hand and in damp weather, when no noise was made in walking. Often we still-hunted on horseback. When a deer was seen, he was not apt to take fright at a man on horseback, unless very near. It was usual, when mounted hunters discovered a deer, to ride away until a large tree intervened between the rider and the deer. The hunter would then glide from his horse, which was suffered to go at large, and, gliding from one tree to another, could approach the deer, screened by trees, until near enough to shoot. I once did this, and on the firing of my gun a rattlesnake sprang its rattle in the weeds at my feet. I jumped, and kept on jumping and running to my horse to get away, for it was known that rattlesnakes congregate in certain localities and where one is found more are nearby. I did not on that occasion go to see whether I hit the deer or not.

There was always plenty of the finest game for the table, but it necessarily lacked many things which are to be found on the poorest tables now-

a-days. No one in the community had coffee, till a sack full of green berries came to our house. It had been ordered from New Orleans, when the flat-boat went down the river with tobacco, and it came, after a long time, brought by one of the few little steamers which had then begun running. My mother and my Aunt Nancy had been accustomed to coffee in North Carolina, and it was Aunt Nancy who gaily did the honors when all the women of the neighborhood came on horseback for miles around to see the making of the coffee, and to taste it after it was made. In their presence Aunt Nancy would parch some of the precious berries in an oven on the hearth. When they were done she would tie them up in a cloth and pound them with a hammer. Then, with the aid of a boiling tea-kettle fetched by a negro woman, the new drink was made on the hearth in the presence of the guests. The ladies all liked it and every one of them took some of the berries home with her to try it herself.

And my mother's brass kettle! It was the only one in the neighborhood, and in order to make preserves out of wild plums—the fruit most commonly used—a brass vessel was necessary. So it was that Hannah Huston's brass kettle was constantly passing from one housewife to another the whole summer through. Another thing that my mother furnished many of the neighbors was medicine. From the first settlement of the country the

principal families kept medicines, and those of the most potent kind. Our family, being a large one, kept an unusually full supply, and also scales to weigh the same, which no one else had. So it was that people came from far and near for whatever remedy in the nature of drugs they needed, or thought they did. The illiterate invariably asked for "Callomy-Jollipy," for thus they called calomel and jalap. My mother weighed out the dangerous medicines, and more harmless drugs, as best she could, without pretending to decide whether they should be given the patient or not. No pay was received for the medicine, but many of those who came to ask for it would bring a gun along and kill game on the way and present this game to the family in compensation for these rare and expensive articles. In cases of fever blood-letting was usually resorted to. I, to this day, bear on my arm the scars of this method.

I do not know how old I was when a new theory of medical practice came into our neighborhood. It was, I believe, originated by a man named Thompson, a New England physician, who published a book in which he claimed to have discovered a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, also asserting that the Lord had sent diseases on earth to punish the wickedness of man and at the same time, through compassion, He had furnished a remedy and antidote in nature's growth of vegetation, and claiming that he—Thompson—had dis-

covered these wonderful herbs. The first introduction of this new theory of medicine in our country was by "Bob" McFarlan, a young man living in our neighborhood. He had been taken ill with yellow fever at New Orleans and, happening to fall into the hands of one of Thompson's followers, was cured by him, or thought so, and, thus being greatly impressed with the new theory, bought Thompson's book and with it the right to practice according to that system. Upon returning to his home Doctor McFarlan at once entered upon the practice of medicine. The principal resource of his practice was steaming the patient to produce profuse perspiration, hence practitioners were called "steam doctors." The internal remedies administered by them were seeds of the lobelia plant, bone-set tea and a compound of the first "shots" from a still combined with red pepper and varieties compounded from these herbs being the things most commonly used by them. I was taken sick with chills and malarial fever. Doctor McFarlan was sent for and visited me daily for a week or more, and administered to me a thorough treatment, including a steam bath. I was stripped of my clothing, placed in a chair before the fire, four chairs were arranged around me, and the whole was covered with blankets. The doctor produced a tin tube in sections, and by attaching it to a tea-kettle filled with hot water, and setting it on the fire, and by letting the end of this tube into

my tent, I was speedily in profuse perspiration, and soon fell asleep. Awaking I was given the herbs. The lobelia was not so bad to take, but the composition of brandy and pepper blistered my mouth and throat. Under such heroic treatment I recovered, and to this day have not been again really sick. We should praise the bridge that carries us over safely. Doctor McFarlan sold many of Thompson's books, and to the purchaser he gave also written authority to practice according to the system, all for ten dollars. It soon became extremely popular, and some one in each neighborhood bought the book, with the authority to practice, and at once entered upon a professional career. There was a still in our peach orchard, used for distilling peaches into brandy, and I remember that the enterprising steam doctors were often in attendance to get the first shots from the pomace, those being strong and firey in taste, and at the same time these gentlemen carried off my mother's red pepper to make what they called "number six." Many, if not all of these men, were wholly unfit to practice on the lives of the community, and it seems surprising at this day that such was permitted. But with glib tongues, appealing to every one's knowledge of the abuse of mineral medicines, and artfully proclaiming the merits of nature's remedies in vegetation, they captivated the vulgar, and steam treatment became the fashion of the day. We had a neighbor whom every-

body liked and called "Uncle" Billy Hibbard. He was then an old man, having long served as blacksmith for that vicinity, making for the farmers their axes, plows and other rough iron work. And, now, even Uncle Billy became impressed with this new theory of medicine, and purchased of Doctor McFarlan the book and certificate, ostensibly entitling him to practice, and he also at once entered upon this new profession. But Uncle Billy treated his patients too heavily with steam, number six, etc., in-so-much that the grand jury at Henderson summoned the old man, who was brought before them.

The foreman of the jury is said to have addressed Hibbard about as follows: "Old man, the grand jury has sent for you to say that they believe you are not a bad man at heart, and that you have long been useful to the community as a blacksmith, but that they have found you are killing too many people with this steam foolishness, and the afore-said grand jury will not stand it any longer. Now, if you will quit all this steaming, and go back to your shop and stick to that, then we will let this pass; otherwise the grand jury will feel bound to indict you for the murder of some of all these people that you have killed."

Uncle Billy agreed to give up the practice, and did so, going back to his shop, and lived to be useful as a blacksmith for many years after. At length people generally began to see the

absurdity and the danger of the steam doctor, and gradually turned the system into ridicule. I remember the trial of a case in which one of these steam doctors sued a woman of standing on a medical bill that she refused to pay. The trial was before a justice of the peace. A young attorney named Jones represented the doctor, while another attorney, whose name was Givens, defended the lady. At the time steam practice was already on the wane, and a good deal of ridicule had already been heaped upon it. Mr. Givens, accordingly, began ridiculing the steam practice, and did it so amusingly, that Mr. Jones could not help participating in the fun. In the height of it the doctor angrily turned on Mr. Jones and said:

"I discharge you from my service, sir! I will not be treated in this way by a man in my employ, sir!"

Mr. Jones bowed, smilingly, took up his chair and moved over beside the defendant, saying, as he sat down:

"All right, sir, I'll just volunteer for the widow."

Thereupon these two sprightly young lawyers pitched into steam doctors in general, and the plaintiff in particular, bringing roar after roar of laughter from the bystanders, till the system was killed in our neighborhood.

All this was truly comical, yet the ignorance of the healers and the helplessness of the suffering were grave enough. There was one dreadful

deadly disorder prevailing in our neighborhood, which, after years of devastation and wide death-dealing, gradually disappeared, as mysteriously as it came, without ever being understood. It was called "the milk sick," because it was supposed to be caused, in human beings, by drinking the tainted milk of diseased cows. But nothing was ever certainly known as to the nature, or source, of this awful malady, which attacked human beings, cattle and horses alike, and ravaged southern and western Kentucky for many years. It usually appeared in the early summer and disappeared with the first sharp frost. For this reason it was generally thought to have some connection with vegetation. One theory was that the poison was effluvia that arose at night, from the earth, and settled on the vegetation which the cattle ate. Moreover, it was always in wooded land that the terrible thing showed itself; it never was known to appear in cleared land. But it did not show itself in all wooded lands. It prevailed in some wooded places, while it was not found in others nearby. Hilly land, with a growth of sugar tree timber, was at once suspected of being infected, and fled from like the plague, although otherwise most desirable. I knew places where so many cattle had died of the "milk sick" that the ground was white with their bleached bones. Knowing this, that the disease did not appear in cleared, clean fields—which is all that ever was certainly

known of the deadly disorder—my people, and all the other farmers, hastened to get the wheat and oats out of the fields, so that they might turn in the cattle and horses and thus keep them from the “milk sick.” This disorder did not show itself immediately, and that often caused the unconscious drinking of poisoned milk. Butter was especially poisonous. Work oxen and horses might have the poison lurking in their systems for days, unsuspected. It was usually when they became heated by work that it showed itself, and their falling to the ground in agony was sometimes the first sign. Again, passing a farm house, you would see little calves trembling and staggering. The symptoms in human sufferers were high fever, severe vomiting—growing steadily worse in most cases—with death at the end. Sometimes the victim of “milk sick” lingered through eighteen days of torture. This mysterious horror spread throughout the southwest, and several State Legislatures offered large rewards for the discovery of its origin, or cause, but it remained a terrible mystery up to its gradual disappearance, nearly half a century ago.

CHAPTER VI.

WEDDINGS IN THE BACK-WOODS. A NOTABLE TEACHER.
THE DIFFICULT TRANSPORTATION OF SILVER COIN.
ROBBERS OF THE DAY. THE ROMANTIC STORY OF
THE ROBBERS AND THE PREACHER. THE POSTAL
CONDITIONS IN THOSE DAYS. A VILLAGE SCHOOL,
THE PUPILS AND THEIR LESSONS.

In January, 1829, when I was eight years old, my mother, who was still a young woman, was married to Mr. Andrew Jones, who was about her own age, and who had been a friend of my father. Mr. Jones—like my father—was the son of an officer of the Revolution. His father, Lieutenant James Jones, had served under General Daniel Morgan, and had been desperately wounded at the battle of the Cowpens, and had never entirely recovered from the wound. He had, however, removed to Kentucky at the same time that my grandfather had come, and the bond of the two families had always been strong and close. It is, indeed, seldom that a second marriage is so well-advised as my mother's was. Yet under thirty-five, she was the mother of six helpless young children, for, besides my three older sisters, Susan, Prudence and

Nancy, I had a younger sister, Lucy, and a brother named John. In addition to the care of this large family, my mother, after the death of my father, had had the entire responsibility of the large farm and many slaves, which no woman alone could manage. On the whole, the marriage was most fortunate for all concerned. No better man than Mr. Jones ever lived, and none could have been kinder and more considerate.

Another marriage in the family a few months later in the same year was much less welcome to the family. This was the marriage of my Aunt Nancy, the charming, brilliant and young Mrs. Allen, to the Honorable Ignatius A. Spalding. The bridegroom himself was all that the most exacting and ambitious could have desired. He was a member of a distinguished family, of the highest character, of rare ability, of large fortune, and, altogether, the most prominent man in his own section of the state at that time. Our sole objection was that he lived some sixty odd miles distant, in Union county, and that he took Aunt Nancy away from our house to live. This most happy marriage was to have a life-long effect upon my own destiny, though I little dreamt of such a result then.

I was now going to school to my third teacher, Mr. Andrew Rowan, a most remarkable man. He was poorly equipped for teaching, but wonderful in other ways. He was then quite an old man, but possessed of a strong and vigorous mind, great

fluency of conversation, singularly keen perception and a fine memory. To listen to his account of early times in Kentucky, embracing the manners and customs of the people, would chain the attention of any one. Notwithstanding the expectation that a teacher was to divide his time in boarding around with his patrons, the old man spent nearly all of his nights with us, and his various adventures and unnumbered stories of early times in Kentucky were greedily devoured by the surrounding hearers. Mr. Rowan had, however, been dissipated, and there was no doubt that the curse of drink had been his misfortune and ruin. With natural powers so great as his, he must have made his mark on the time, had it not been for this single weakness. As it was, his one success was being appointed to the office of sheriff of Breckenridge county, the second county east of ours. He had been serving in this capacity in 1826 when a robbery, noted in the history of the state, took place there. At that time the sheriffs of the entire state, in December of each year, rode on horseback from their several county towns to Frankfort, the state capital, and carried in their saddle-bags the state revenue to pay the money to the treasurer of the state. This was mostly in silver, and much of it in cut money, and, consequently, exceedingly cumbersome. It was generally arranged that where these officers lived at a great distance from Frankfort, two of them, belonging to

adjoining counties, would join company and accompany each other on this long and perilous journey for safety and society. Accordingly, in December, '26, Sheriff Joseph Hoy, the sheriff of Union county, had arranged to call at the house of Sheriff King, the sheriff of Henderson county, at a given time, and they were to go together on this long ride to Frankfort—the arrangement being generally known. It happened that the Presbyterian church had a presbytery appointed to meet at Hardinsburg, in Breckenridge county, on the same date. The minister of that denomination, whose name was Laban Jones, and who lived at Morganfield, in Union county, accordingly set out alone and went peacefully jogging along on his old horse to attend this meeting of his brethren of the Presbytery. Early one morning, a few miles before reaching Hardinsburg, three robbers, who were waylaying the highway to rob Mr. Hoy and Mr. King, saw the reverend gentleman coming, and mistaking him for one of the sheriffs, arrested him and carried him to a retired spot in the woods, and there, upon searching his saddle-bags, they found a Bible on one side and a hymn book on the other, but no sign of any money. Having by this time realized the mistake they had made, the robbers were rather at a loss what to do. To allow the preacher to go on meant the defeat of their plans, and possibly their arrest and punishment, and they

now held a council to determine what to do with the prisoner, freely discussing the matter in his presence. One of the robbers favored killing him, saying dead men told no tales. The other two opposed this, and it was finally decided to swear him never to tell what had occurred, this decision being most probably influenced by the fact that he was a preacher. This was done, the robbers forcing Mr. Jones to hold out his hand and lay it on the Bible, while one of them administered an oath binding the preacher never to mention this occurrence to any one. After further requiring Mr. Jones to kiss the Bible, the villains set him free, and he journeyed on to Hardinsburg, while the robbers went back to their station on the road to watch for the coming of the two sheriffs. On reaching Hardinsburg, Mr. Jones met with his brother ministers, and when there was an adjournment for dinner the troubled preacher took a walk with a brother preacher, whom he knew and trusted, and, after a talk, Parson Jones contrived to state the case without letting it appear to be his own. Having made the facts known in this way, he asked the brother preacher what an honest man, who was preaching God's word and trying to practice it, should do under such circumstances. The other preacher replied that the supposed case was a novel one that could hardly occur, but that he himself should not consider that there was any oath in the case, going on to say

that, in his opinion, and in that of the law, it was required that an oath could be administered only by some authorized person in some judicial proceeding, and the supposed case could not be anything more binding than a promise extracted by threats of violence. He went on to argue that such a promise was always disregarded by the law and should not be binding on the conscience, and ought not to be regarded as having any value whatever. But poor, perplexed Parson Jones was not yet fully satisfied, and, on the adjournment of the presbytery for the day, he hunted up Mr. Joseph Allen, so long and well known as clerk of the court at that place, and, after a social chat with Brother Allen, the preacher at length put the supposed case to him, stating it fully, and earnestly asking his opinion. Mr. Allen took the same view that the other preacher had taken. He said that there certainly was no oath in the case, as the law viewed it, nor any moral or spiritual force that he could see, whereupon Parson Jones came out with the whole story and told what had happened that morning. Mr. Allen at once went with Mr. Jones, and they together hastily obtained a warrant of arrest for the bandits, and placed this warrant in the hands of the sheriff, Mr. Andrew Rowan—my old friend—to be executed by him. Mr. Rowan, with a body of men summoned to aid him in the arrest, rode with all speed to the point indicated by Parson Jones, and at a public house on the high-

way, near at hand, found the three robbers in bed and arrested them and placed them in jail at Hardinsburg. One of them turned out to be so respectably connected that his relations employed the famous lawyer, "Ben" Hardin, in defense of his case. Parson Laban Jones was, of course, a witness against the robbers, and he was examined and cross-examined by Ben Hardin.

"Well, Parson, so you swore a lie!" said the great criminal lawyer.

"Yes, sir;" admitted the preacher.

"Swore a lie with your hand on the Holy Evangelist, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

But, notwithstanding this fierce defense by one of the legal terrors of the day, the robbers were convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

I left Andrew Rowan's school—and his stories—to make a visit to my beloved Aunt Nancy in her new home, where she had now lived several years, and whither she had invited me to come and go to school, thinking the opportunities for education better there than on the farm. The only way I could go to Morganfield was by mail-wagon. At that time there was a mail route by land from Louisville to Shawneetown, Illinois, and John Collins, of Henderson, was contractor to carry the mail over this long, rough route. Hillery Kibby, well-known to the old citizens, was a driver for Col-

lins from Morganfield to Owensboro, going up one day and down the next, and resting over Sunday. Hillery Kibby's conveyance was a broad, shallow box, roughly fastened over the fore wheels of a light wagon and drawn by two horses. Two hoop poles arched above the pine supporting a cover of cotton cloth, and two planks served for seats. There were no springs of any kind. It was arranged with Mr. Kibby that he was to come to our house and to have breakfast and that he should take me to Morganfield. Mr. Kibby came at the appointed hour; there was already one traveller on the "jumper," as the mail conveyance was called, and they reached our house very early. After breakfast my mother wrapped me up very carefully, with warm socks over my shoes and a heavy blanket around me over my coat. We then got aboard, took our seats on the boards, and started for Green river, which was two miles away. The day set was Saturday, the twenty-first day of January, 1835. For well do I remember the date as a new departure in my voyage of life. There had been a heavy rain the night before; the roads were very muddy and had been trampled deeply and cut up, and the sudden cold of the morning had frozen them hard and fast. The sharp points of frozen earth made it rough traveling without springs. It was jump, jump, jump over the frozen ground. I remember a remark of the traveller, who said:

"I have just found out what the cover is for; it is to hold us in."

When we reached Green river the water was high and the current was strong. We crossed at Calhoon's ferry, and our means of crossing was a row-boat, and while we were going across I was detailed to hold the horses. The ferryman, Mr. Kibby and the traveller took the oars, and, by pulling up stream near the shore in deep water for a long distance and then, by main strength, crossing the river, we managed to land not so very far from the right place. We then boarded the "jumper" again and were off for a long day's journey over a bad road. We changed horses every ten or a dozen miles. If I remember correctly, there were then but two postoffices on the whole route of sixty odd miles; one at Henderson, then a small place, where we had dinner at Spidell's famous old tavern, the other at the ancient hamlet of Smith's Mills. Mr. Collins, the contractor, had given orders to all his drivers that they were never to pass any one on foot without offering a free ride. This liberality was taken advantage of, and during the day we had frequent additions to our crowded box. After a miserable day's ride, and an hour of cold darkness, we were ferried over Highland creek, and it was well into the wintry night when we first saw the lights of Morganfield, and I was delivered at my aunt's door. I was so tired and cold and stiff that I could hardly walk,

but my aunt soon restored me, and when at last she tucked me in bed I fell asleep without rocking.

On the following morning I gathered up my Murray's grammar, my Dilworth's English arithmetic, (all in pounds, shillings and pence) my paper, my home-made ink and my good goose quills, to be made into pens. Prepared with these I then went to the school house. This building, built of logs and with a single room perhaps twenty feet square, was also used as a place of worship, there being no church in the village. Our seats were made of small poplar trees cut down, split and hewed on top, with augur holes beneath the ends and legs inserted in these holes, without backs or supports of any kind. Part of a log was cut out on one side of the wall and glass inserted in the space to give light. Holes were bored in the log below the little window, wooden pins were driven in these holes, and a broad plank laid on these pins constituted the writing desk. The school-house and its appointments did not, indeed, seem to me much of an improvement upon Craven Boswell's school, though this was in an older and better settled and richer community.

I had hardly taken my appointed place before I noticed a little black-eyed girl with curly hair, who sat on the bench behind me. She was the prettiest child I had ever seen, but much smaller than myself, and five years younger, so that she seemed a mere baby to me, for I was then a big boy of thirteen.

But I hated her almost at sight, for she stuck a pin in me at the first chance. Little did I then think that in after years my destiny would be so linked for life, for better or for worse, with this little vixen; that she would prove to be the treasure of my whole existence. I soon learned that her name was Sally Brady, and I hated her all the more as I came to see how petted and indulged she was as the only daughter of a prominent citizen, the leading physician of that country.

Our teacher's name was John Dickey, and he had a flourishing school of some twenty pupils, about all the children then living in and around the village. Looking back, I think he must have been a good teacher for his day, perhaps considerably above the average, although his methods now seem strange and awkward. We were required to memorize an assigned lesson of some dozen lines every night, and to recite this next morning from memory. To a child with untrained mind this was no small matter. In addition we had reading, spelling and writing, which was a specialty then. Our teacher prided himself on his great skill in making and mending pens, for he had all that to do. He would head a sheet of writing paper with a pithy sentence as a copy for us to imitate. We, with a straight edge and a piece of lead, would rule lines to write by, for ruled paper was then unknown. After attending the school for some time I grew ambitious to stand at

its head, and this I could have done but for one other pupil. The hardest lesson was the recitation of mornings, from memory, and on this I turned down and kept down the half dozen in our class, with the single exception of Mariah Delany. She could always turn me down, and continued to do so as long as I was in the school, notwithstanding my utmost efforts.

In those days we school children celebrated the 8th of January with more enthusiasm than we did the 22nd of February, for that was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, then a recent and great event. Andrew Jackson was then the president and—to us—a greater man than George Washington. During the first summer of my school days at Morganfield an event, which was very important to the school, and in a way to the whole community, came off. This was a foot-race that our teacher made up, arranging the race with a young blacksmith named Silas Finnie on one side and himself on the other, to run fifty yards for a purse of twenty dollars in gold—a large stake for those days. Regular training was resorted to. I remember how deeply impressed I was by the fact that Mr. Dickey wore around his ankles heavy bars of lead. Judges for the race were carefully chosen and formally appointed, and when the contest came off a large portion of the inhabitants of the then sparsely settled country was present. Betting was rife and ran high, and the school

children loyally staked their all on Mr. Dickey. I had sixty-two and a half cents, and bet every cent on the teacher. Mr. Dickey triumphed, to our unbounded delight and pride, and it has appeared to me, in after life, wonderful that all the school did not turn out gamblers.

Among the many pleasant memories of these school days there is one terrible recollection that I may mention, as showing the barbarous ignorance existing in many directions. In a small house near the school lived a family, to which belonged a young woman who was afflicted with insanity. There were no asylums in the country. These refuges for the unfortunate were few anywhere seventy-five years ago. There was little, if any, attempt made anywhere to treat mental diseases with a view to curing or even alleviating the awful affliction. This poor creature was kept chained, the chain being fastened around her body. In pleasant weather the chain was made fast to a locust tree in the yard of the house through the day. In bad weather and at night she was chained in doors in an isolated room. We children could see her when she was in the yard, and could hear her screams when she was out of sight. We did not, I think, realize the pity and sadness of the sight and sound, but I remember that we felt all its horror. I certainly never passed the place without fear and trembling, and I am sure that all the scholars felt the same.

A pleasant memory is of "Aunt" Katy Perkins, the village fortune-teller, who was naturally an interesting personage to all the children and the young people; she was, indeed, universally popular. Her method of telling fortunes was by reading the signs made by coffee grounds. In order that these signs should be unmistakable, the coffee must be good, strong, clear and freshly made, and Aunt Katy always drank the coffee before telling the fortune.

It was in the year 1835—the first year of my attendance at this school—that news reached Morganfield of the fighting between the Texans and Mexicans and of the slaughter at San Antonio, Texas, of Davy Crockett and his officers and command. This produced great excitement in the community, for some of Travis' men were from this vicinity. The whole country was fairly aflame with anger and patriotism. Imperfect ideas prevailed here about Mexico, Texas, and the merits of the war. Indignation and a spirit of revenge prevailed, and volunteers to go to Texas and avenge the death of these men were called for and responded to on all sides. Sparsely settled though this country still was, numbers volunteered, many without a horse, or any kind of outfit, and many who had so volunteered were freely equipped with horse, saddle, bridle, overcoat—anything needed, indeed—by public contribution. Adjacent counties did the same, and a regiment was mustered

at Owensboro, and went by steamboat to New Orleans and thence to Texas, and some of these men from our Green River region were present the next year when General Houston at San Jacinto defeated the Mexican army and secured the independence of Texas.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MILITARY DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY. THE OFFICERS OF THE REVOLUTION TO WHOM VIRGINIA GRANTED LANDS IN THAT REGION. THE LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE HEART OF THIS DISTRICT, ITS HISTORY AND ITS INHABITANTS. MEN OF NATIONAL REPUTATION WHO THEN LIVED THERE.

To say something of this part of Kentucky, of the little village of Morganfield, and of some people of mark then living in it, I must turn back almost to the close of the Revolution. It is well-known that Kentucky at that time was a county of Virginia, but it is less well-known that—when this vast county became a state—Virginia reserved all the district lying west of Green river to be used only as a gift to her soldiers who had fought for independence. This section was accordingly called the Military District.

In the winter of 1782 two distinguished colonels of the Virginia forces, thus entitled to land, advertised at Richmond that they would come the next spring to this district so set apart by Virginia for her soldiers, and would take with them all soldiers' warrants for military land in the district, and pro-

ceed to have their warrants surveyed and cause patents to be issued, perfecting their title under the law, offering to do this for one third part of the lands so located, surveyed and patented. These gentlemen were Colonel Peter Casey and Colonel Richard C. Anderson, both well and widely known to be as honorable and reliable in business as they had been brave in war, and they readily obtained all the warrants they cared to locate. In 1783 they accordingly came down the Ohio in a keel boat with a total force of fifteen men, and reaching the Military District they ascended Highland creek to a spot just above the place where the Henderson road now crosses the creek. Here they began work by running a base line from this starting point across what is now Union county to Tradewater river and—each working on a side of this base line—they went on laying out surveys for their patrons. When about ten miles on their base line they located a large tract of land for General Daniel Morgan, so famous for his services in the Revolution, and continued until they had located hundreds of surveys. These lands were then universally regarded by the old soldiers, who thus secured them, as something that their grandchildren might, perhaps, use or sell to advantage at some distant time in the future, but they could see nothing in them to profit themselves. The country was then a wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts, and often invaded by hostile savages—

coming from both sides, from Indiana and Tennessee—although no tribe is known to have lived there. And it was this natural indifference upon the part of the soldiers, thus receiving what they held to be titles to almost worthless lands, that led to the long neglect of their rights, which caused such a tangle of titles in this Military District of Kentucky as never existed in any other country in the whole world.

On the survey so located for General Morgan there was a fine spring, a precious thing in those days, welling up near the center of the vast tract. And it happened that the county site was laid about this spring when Union county was formed in 1811.

The village was, accordingly, twenty years old when I had my first glimpse of it, and spent a few days in it during the fall of 1832. I had gone with my mother, both of us riding on horseback, to visit Aunt Nancy. Shortly before reaching the town—which was but a mere group of rude houses—we came upon quite a gathering of people crowding around a country graveyard. We stopped to see what had drawn so many together at that day, when the settlers were still few and far between. We found that a burial was going on, and soon discovered that the cause of the large attendance was the unusual mode of interment. A man named John Carrington, knowing that he was about to die, had requested to be buried

standing up. His friends were then in the act of carrying out this request. They had dug a square hole some eight feet deep and three or more feet square, and were about lowering the coffin—foot foremost—when my mother and I arrived and remained to witness the singular scene. For years afterwards a heap of roots and logs remained to mark this strange burial. I never knew what induced the man to make so singular a request, but I learned later that Carrington was an odd creature. Many queer stories of his eccentricity were current in the community. He had been a lieutenant in the company of Captain "Bob" Smith, another quaint local celebrity, and had distinguished himself in a characteristic way at the battle of New Orleans. It was Captain Bob who told me this story of Carrington. He said that during the battle his—Captain Smith's—company was stationed at the extreme end of the breastworks near the swamp. While the fight was going on he went up and down the line, bending below the breastworks, and patting his men on the back. On one of these trips he was astonished to see Lieutenant Carrington—who was armed with a musket and fighting like a private—jump up on the breastworks, shouting defiance, and fire at the foe. The captain dragged him back, reminding him of his proper place and duty as an officer. But, going again along the firing line, the captain found Lieutenant Carrington down on the ground

having trouble with his gun, and learned that his flint had burst. The captain pointed to a barrel full of flints standing in the rear. Lieutenant Carrington flew to it and almost immediately reappeared through the smoke with the tail of his shirt full of flints, and ran along the entire line, throwing them to all the men. Telling this story, Captain Smith usually added that he had always believed his company to have kept on firing long after the British had fled, because they couldn't see, the smoke and fog preventing even a glimpse of the enemy.

This vicinity had furnished many soldiers at the battle of New Orleans, and they were still talking about it as a recent great event when I went among them for a longer stay, two years after my first brief visit to the village. There were also three of Napoleon Bonaparte's old soldiers then living in Morganfield, and they were often to be seen sitting together under the old locust trees, talking of their war experiences, and always going wild in their devotion to the General, as they called him. But with few exceptions the people were Virginians. The most distinguished and popular citizen of this little village, when I first knew it, was Mr. Samuel Casey, the son of one of the old Virginia colonels, so conspicuous in the original settlement of this Military District. Mr. Casey was already middle-aged when I met him; a courtly, kindly gentleman, universally be-

loved. He had been appointed clerk of the courts on the formation of the county and still held the high office when I first knew him in 1835. The English element, although never very large, was always influential. One family, the Bowdens, was especially eminent, and a fair, stately daughter of this house afterwards became the greatest belle and most universally admired girl that the community had ever produced. Miss Anne, as she was called, when very young, probably because of her gentle dignity of deportment, had many ardent suitors among the highest. When I first had the honor of knowing her everybody was laughing over the suit paid to her by a rich widower, an eccentric and uncouth old man, who finally became so desperate that he at last bluntly offered her ten thousand dollars to marry him. That was a big fortune for that place and time, but Miss Anne answered, smilingly, that she did not intend to sell herself, adding:

"When I marry I mean to give myself to my husband."

"Whoop—hell; I thought so!" cried the disappointed suitor, with whom that exclamation was a by-word, and who used it without meaning to be profane.

The first settler was still living in the village when I went to Morganfield. He was an old man named Jeremiah Riddle, a personal friend and tenant of General Morgan's, and he had been

already settled on the general's land, and was living near the public spring, when the county was formed and the county site laid off. After the easy, friendly fashion of the time and country, Uncle Jerry, as everybody called him, was notorious for being severe, and "close-fisted," while his wife, Aunt Molly, was celebrated for her good-humor and generosity. Uncle Jerry disliked company, but whenever his back was turned the whole community flocked to the log house by the spring. On one occasion Uncle Jerry set out on a journey requiring a longer time than usual. Knowing this beforehand Aunt Molly immediately sent invitations broadcast, inviting all the women for miles around to come to her house at nine o'clock in the morning of the day of her husband's departure. Uncle Jerry started at daybreak, and he was hardly in the saddle before Aunt Molly had a nice, fat pig killed; and he was barely out of sight when the slaughtered pig was in hot water and the whole feast well under way. How Aunt Molly explained the absence of the pig when Uncle Jerry got back, I do not know, but she was not without a degree of independence. She had a yearly account in the village store, quite separate from Uncle Jerry's, and I remember once hearing a remarkable settlement between her and the merchant. Aunt Molly had never mastered arithmetic and knew nothing of addition. When the merchant read over her account, she recalled each item, separately, as per-

factly correct. But when the whole amount was added up, the result did not fit Aunt Molly's calculation by her head, and the settlement was a tedious and complicated transaction, as settlements with the good lady always were. I knew all about these peculiarities of Aunt Molly, because the merchant, Mr. Strother Chapman, was my brother-in-law, having recently married my eldest sister. On her coming to Morganfield to live I had gone from my aunt's house to make my home with my sister, and, when not in school, I hung around the store.

It now seems as if what was a good stock of goods at that day would scarcely make a dray-load. There were no boots, no shoes, no ready-made clothing, nor were any hats or caps then ever seen in stores. Morganfield then had four tanneries, to which skins were taken, and where they were tanned for half. Some four tailors in the village found employment. There was also one hatter, and others made hats at their homes in the country. There was nothing like a bank, and the local methods of banking were most primitive. My first recollection of any transaction of this kind belongs to my school-days in Mr. Dickey's school. At this period Mr. Joshua Davis was one of the principal citizens, and had long been a director of the Bank of the Commonwealth. The bank was located at Frankfort, the state capital, but Mr. Davis resided at Morganfield, and, like all

other men of large affairs at that day, he issued paper money of his own and put it in local circulation. He had no bank building nor any place of business, but he caused to be made and issued individual bank notes for six and a quarter cents, for twelve and a half cents and for eighteen and three-quarter cents. These were known as "shin-plasters" and were current and accepted without question throughout the village and county. There was no other change, except the silver cut money, and that was scarce. One day, coming from school, I saw a man ride up in front of the courthouse and heard him accost Mr. Davis, who was just crossing the road.

"Here, Davis," called the man on horseback, roughly and loudly. "See here! I want you to redeem all this stuff;" holding up a well-filled reticule.

"You know the custom, Colonel Waring," replied Mr. Davis, quietly. "Give me time."

"Be quick about it, sir! Be quick!" shouted Colonel Waring.

Mr. Davis said he would settle with him during the day, and with that the two men parted. I stood still, watching to see what would follow—all eyes and ears, now that I knew who the man on horseback was. For John A. Waring was then the most feared man in Kentucky, and held in terror throughout the whole state. He had been in innumerable personal difficulties and had recently

killed a man at Frankfort. I remember thinking that Mr. Davis was very brave to face him calmly and steadily as he did. After an hour or more both the men re-appeared and together entered the store and went into the back room, where I followed them at a respectful distance to look on, watching and listening. Here they sat down beside a table, and Colonel Waring immediately turned his big black reticule inside out, pouring on the table a great heap of shin-plasters issued by Mr. Davis. The money was all crumpled up like dried leaves, but Colonel Waring went on straightening it, counting it and laying it in dollar piles, the whole amounting to eighteen or twenty dollars, as nearly as I can remember. Mr. Davis sat waiting patiently till the colonel had finished and then he in time began emptying his own pockets, which were stuffed with similar shin-plasters which had been issued by Colonel Waring. It afterwards appeared that Mr. Davis had used the customary time that he had asked for in making a complete, though hurried, round of the whole village and collecting every note issued by Waring that was anywhere to be found. With this collection and the help of an eight dollar note of Colonel Waring's—borrowed from some one—the debt was paid with a balance in Mr. Davis' favor.

There was in those days a current joke that the local bankers had no funds in cash except cut money, and that they never had more of that than

they could put in their shoes for "safe"-keeping over night. This was said of John C. Rieves, with great enjoyment by his old friends, when he left Morganfield to go to Washington to assume an important office under Jackson's administration. Mr. Rieves had come to Morganfield in 1811, with the laying out of the village, a boy unknown, friendless and poor. He had, however, soon found a good and helpful friend in Mr. Casey, and with his aid had risen fast and steadily and had become the cashier of a small bank at Shawneetown, Illinois—twelve miles from Morganfield—when he was called to the aid of the national government. This was very soon after General Jackson's election to the presidency. It had suddenly become urgently necessary for the President to find a suitable editor for an official newspaper, an organ pledged and able to support his autocratic measures before the people—through thick and thin—which Duff Green, the editor of the government paper, had refused to do. While President Jackson was thus anxiously looking around, eager to find a friendly editor, as well as one of ability, he chanced to see in a newspaper published at Frankfort, Kentucky, a powerful article vindicating his measures. Upon inquiry it was found that Mr. Francis P. Blair, clerk of the United States Circuit Court at Frankfort, had written this editorial which so pleased the President. At the latter's direction, Mr. Blair was approached at once and

cautiously sounded upon the question whether he would come to Washington and edit the administration paper. Mr. Blair was taken entirely by surprise. The office which he then held was a good one, and for life, and he was loth to give it up. Finally, however, he was induced to consent to go to Washington and to edit this journal, provided that he could secure a partner to superintend the manual labor and finances of the undertaking. For this part of the important enterprise Mr. John C. Rieves, of Morganfield, was strongly recommended. On inquiry Mr. Blair was satisfied that the co-worker he desired had been found, and he agreed to accept Mr. Rieves as his partner. Accordingly the two men went to Washington and started the "Globe," a newspaper which certainly filled all expectations in-so-far as it steadily and ably stood by the Jackson administration during the bitter and turbulent times that followed so quickly and lasted so long. Both Mr. Rieves and Mr. Blair acquired great distinction and large wealth through their association with the paper and their connection with national affairs. Mr. Rieves, however, did not forget his friends in the Kentucky village, and it is said to be largely through his influence that his best friend, Mr. Casey, the most honored and beloved of Morganfield's citizens, was invited to become Treasurer of the United States, and accepting, held the office during the administrations of President Pierce

and President Buchanan. When Mr. Casey died Mr. Rieves said of him in announcing his death in *The Globe*, and in speaking incidentally of the little Kentucky village: "He found me there, an orphan boy, without father, mother, sister or brother, and without a farthing to live on. He took compassion on me and took me into the clerk's office in 1812. I then wrote a tolerably plain hand, and assisted in recording deeds. That was all the service I was able to render him. Two years afterwards, in 1814, a United States land office was established at Shawneetown, Illinois. A clerk was needed in this land office, and Mr. Casey recommended me as a competent person to fill that place and I obtained it. * * * * I may say here I never had means to support myself until Mr. Casey took me to live with him, and I have never been without means to support myself since. I have continued to prosper ever since the day I entered his office. I feel that I am indebted to him for all I am worth, and, therefore, I regret more to hear of his death than I have ever done to hear of the death of any man that ever lived. When I shall cease to remember him gratefully, daily, I should die. I have known him for forty-seven years and never heard any person speak disparagingly of him. He was among the best men, if not the best man, that ever lived in my day."

CHAPTER VIII.

A KENTUCKY COLLEGE OF THE OLDEN TIME. ITS
LACK OF DISCIPLINE. THE WILD PRANKS AND
WORSE BEHAVIOR OF THE STUDENTS. THE BAD
EXAMPLE OF THE SOUTHERN YOUNG MEN. THE
DAILY LIFE OF THE BOYS. AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

In the fall of the next year I went away from Morganfield, returning for a time to the farm. Two young men, cousins of mine, living near my old home on Panther creek, were then preparing to go to a Methodist college at the old town of Augusta, some sixty miles above Cincinnati in eastern Kentucky. It was decided that I should accompany them, and the three of us, accordingly, embarked on a steamboat at Owensboro. We started on the first day of September, 1836, and after a tedious voyage, for the Ohio river was low and the steamer very small, we at length reached Augusta and enrolled our names as students of the college.

The faculty of the college consisted at that time of President Tomlinson—who was also professor of Greek—and four other teachers. Prominent

among the professors was the Reverend Henry B. Bascome, a teacher of rhetoric, who afterwards became distinguished as a Bishop of the Methodist church. These professors were probably as able teachers as could then be found in the west, but the great want was that of executive ability and of the power to preserve order and enforce proper discipline in the school. There were among the students a number of young men from the cotton states, the sons of wealthy parents. These youngsters had been indulged and spoiled in their childhood, and there was no authority exercised by the college to keep them from indulging in wild freaks of every description. No one connected with the institution seemed to have the slightest control over this lawless element. But there was not much choice in the boys' schools of that period. Protestant colleges were then few in the west. The Catholics had more schools and better discipline, but religious prejudice against the Catholic church ran high at that time, and protestant parents would not patronize Catholic schools. The disorder prevailing in this Augusta institution is past description. The college building was in the central part of the town, but isolated on a square of some two acres, and there was no one living in this building or on this square. Many boarding houses for the students were gathered around the college grounds. One large establishment was kept by a man named Ingles, and I boarded there

for awhile, with forty other boys. Ingles had a great many chickens, but few of them came to the table. One night some of the boarders made a raid on these coops, captured some fowls, wrang their heads off and carried them—bleeding freely—over the snow to the cabin of a free colored woman, who dressed the game and cooked it so that the boys had a fine supper. When morning came Mr. Ingles discovered his loss and readily tracked the blood all the way to the cabin. He threatened the woman with arrest if she did not tell who brought the fowls to her. She could but tell who the guilty ones were, and Mr. Ingles was so enraged that he was on the eve of legal prosecution of the delinquents. Just here a leader of mischief called a meeting of the boarders, and, after the matter was discussed, it was resolved that all the students should stand by the guilty boys. A protest, accordingly, was drawn up. In this the students threatened to leave the house in a body unless the prosecution of the few offenders be abandoned at once. In addition to this formidable threat, the document bound Mr. Ingles thereafter to furnish the table with chickens at least twice a week. This he agreed to do. Payment for the stolen chickens was offered, we all signed our names in a "round robbin" and that settled the trouble.

Among the students was a remarkable ventriloquist. He kept the gift secret, and no one, for a

long time, knew of it. At morning prayers in the college building before study this disturber of the peace would begin grunting and imitating an old hog. Then the pigs would begin to squeal, louder and louder, all this being seemingly under the floor. Sometimes the intolerable uproar would be continued until prayers had to be suspended. But the disturbance was not repeated very often. and, although everyone knew there was a ventriloquist among the boys, no one could tell who it was, so that it was months before the secret leaked out, and this element of disorder was finally checked.

One of the professors had a garden with a high, close fence, and the pride of his garden was a grapery. Domestic grapes were then a rarity in the west. Mr. Longworth, at Cincinnati, had succeeded in growing grapes and making wine, but few others had. The professor's grapes were, therefore, a great and continual temptation to the college boys from the time they turned red till the last bunch was gone from the vines. The professor was not very liberal with them, but, on the contrary, had a bull-dog turned loose every night in his grapery. Nevertheless the boys managed to help themselves, and frequently made a raid at night on this garden. In so doing the raiders had a well-arranged plan. They divided into two parties before entering upon the enterprise, one party going to the rear of the garden and some of the boys making a noise in order to attract the

attention of the dog. This first party would then move slowly along the fence, teasing the dog through the tight fence as he went, until they had led him towards and clear up to the farthest end. And there they would stop and stand and continue to occupy the attention of the dog while the other party would scale the fence and load themselves with grapes. This was successfully done many times, and I do not remember that there was any attempt on the part of the college to protect the professor's property.

It is true that these foolish, boyish pranks are of the kind that the best boys are guilty of when left as utterly uncontrolled as we were, and I mention them merely to illustrate the singular lack of discipline; but an incident occurring later in the term was of a different and more serious character. I have mentioned the special lawlessness of the older students from the south. Two of these young men, both of whom were from Mississippi, were fully grown and notably reckless. One was named Biggs and the other Frazer. They spent money with prodigal extravagance and were altogether bad examples for the younger students. And, of course, both of them carried pistols constantly—that being the habit of the southern young man of fashion of that period. They were great friends and much together, and the two, putting their daring wits to work, arranged to play off an audacious trick on the whole

school. They pretended to fall out, and for some days conducted themselves so that all the boys became excited over the apparent falling out and were on the alert, expecting a personal difficulty. One Friday afternoon, just as the bell rang, and all the students were entering the college building, young Biggs approached young Frazer; some hot words passed; Mr. Frazer pulled out his pistol and fired only a few feet from Mr. Biggs. The latter fell and the blood gushed all over the ground. Young Frazer, turning, made his escape and fled out of the town. The police pursued and caught him a mile or more from the college and took him a prisoner to the court house. Meantime the horrified students had lifted the wounded and apparently dying man and had carried him over to my boarding house, which was the nearest house. Physicians were hurriedly sent for, and on examining young Biggs they immediately discovered a vial of red paint or dye attached to his bosom. On falling he had managed to pull out the stopper, and the liquid, flowing freely, had looked so like blood that all the alarmed lookers-on had been shockingly deceived. The faculty made something of an effort in this outrageous case. The two young men were tried for misconduct and threatened with expulsion in disgrace, but the faculty was finally satisfied with suitable apologies.

Tiring of my boarding-house I went to another place. This was the house of Mr. George Dono-

phan, an energetic man of several occupations, who was a tanner by trade, who had a farm near town and who also conducted a dairy. The churning of the milk from the dairy was in the yard near my room, and it was done by means of an inclined wheel which was turned by the weight of a large dog—a canine character named Tige. This intelligent animal was not fond of turning the wheel, and almost every morning he ran away, or hid, to avoid his task, so that a chase after Tige was a lively, daily occurrence. Mr. Donophan, in addition to his many other occupations, was a great politician. A presidential election was then pending and our host was deeply interested. Martin Van Buren was the candidate for the Democratic Party and William Henry Harrison for the Whigs, and the party feeling ran warm and high. It was an exciting time. Mr. Donophan was a Whig, and, of course, favored Mr. Harrison, the candidate of his party. Some of us, being Democrats, were as strongly for Mr. Van Buren. I remember that one day at dinner a very heated discussion was held. An old lady, who chanced to be visiting the Donophan family, was present at the table. We—the boys who boarded there—had often seen her before and we all knew that she was Mrs. Donophan's aunt. But we did not know that she was a sister of Chief Justice Marshall, or—what was of still greater interest to us—that she was also the widow of the famous lawyer and soldier, General

Joseph Hamilton Daviess, who had died a glorious death at Tippecanoe from wounds received in the battle of the Thames. But the lady's identity was discovered on this occasion in a manner that none of us ever could forget. When the political discussion was at its height she suddenly arose to her feet and, standing beside the table—with flashing eyes and uplifted hand—denounced General Harrison in unmeasured terms. She declared that through jealousy of the greater fame and popularity of her husband, General Daviess, General Harrison had purposely sent him at night on a white horse to lead a charge upon the savages in order that he might be killed. I never knew what—if any—reason the widow had for making so terrible an accusation, but no one hearing and seeing her make it could possibly doubt that she sincerely believed what she said.

After two terms at this college I went back to my old home in Daviess county. Here on the farm I spent some two years rather unprofitably, my principal occupation being hunting. In the autumn of 1840 I decided to go with a young man, a cousin, to the Catholic college at Bardstown. In saying that I, myself, decided I am merely stating what was literally the fact. From my grandfather and my father's estate I had an income. My mother left me free to do as I wished in the matter of education, and Mr. Jones, my step-father, was kindness and indulgence itself in everything. Thus of

my own volition I now set out to try another college, instinctively and blindly trying to find the training that my mind craved, the thorough education that I desired above everything else. The priests in charge of St. Joseph's College were able and learned men, and I might have found what I sought under their teaching but for the same deplorable lack of discipline which had so impeded my progress at the Augusta college. However, I eagerly entered upon a regular course of classic study, and had gained a good deal from it when I was summoned home by the illness and death of my mother in April of the following year.

CHAPTER IX.

GOING TO HARVARD SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO. THE JOURNEY BY STAGE-COACH WITH GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT AS A FELLOW-PASSENGER. THE STOP AT WASHINGTON JUST IN TIME TO HEAR HENRY CLAY'S FAMOUS PHILLIPPIC AGAINST PRESIDENT TYLER. EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF POLITICAL EXCITEMENT. SEEING THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, EDWIN FORREST, IN HIS PRIME. ON TO NEW YORK WITH DIFFICULTY AND REACHING CAMBRIDGE AT LAST.

[It was in August, 1841, that I left my home in Kentucky to become a student at Harvard. The journey before me was a long and hard one. The means of travel were few and poor at the time. Railroads were just beginning to be built, and where steamboats could not go the canal boat or stage-coach was the sole dependence.

Taking a steamboat I went up the Ohio river as far as Cincinnati, where the water was too low at that season to allow the boat to go farther. Here I found a crowd of southern merchants on their way east to buy goods, and waiting, like myself, to take the stage-coach. The number of passengers was

so large that eight coaches were required to accommodate the crowd, so that a long line of coaches left Cincinnati about the same time. On one of these I took my passage to Washington city, wishing to stop there a few days. For this ticket I paid sixty dollars, exclusive of meals.

This stage route extended from Cincinnati north to Dayton and thence east over the national road. Each coach was a heavy wagon with an inclosed and covered body, calculated to carry nine passengers inside and from six to nine outside, there being seats on the top and an iron railing, some ten inches high, around the top. There was a heavy boot behind each coach, in which all trunks and heavy baggage of any kind were carried. Baggage was carefully weighed, and for an excess in weight extravagant charges were made. To each coach either four or six horses were attached, and there were stands at which fresh horses were had every ten or a dozen miles. This was anything but pleasant traveling. In hot weather, such as we then had, the atmosphere was stifling inside the coach, besides the swinging of the body made one seasick. The outside was always crowded and not much more comfortable in any respect. Our first halt was at Hamilton, some twenty-five or thirty miles from Cincinnati, for dinner, and after the meal was over, and we came to pay fifty cents apiece for our dinner, the first trouble arose. The passengers carried either United States bank

bills, issued at Philadelphia by the Bank of the United States, then presided over by Nicholas Biddle, and a famous institution at that time, or else bills of exchange drawn on Philadelphia or New York by the local banks south or west. These bills of exchange were costly. I paid at Louisville in August, 1841, seven per cent., or seven dollars on the hundred, for exchange on New York to carry with me. The reason of this exorbitant rate was that the eastern banks redeemed their bills in specie, whereas western banks had suspended specie payments. The bills on "Nick" Biddle's bank were good everywhere, and many persons intending to travel would pick up and lay away these bills for months beforehand, and when traveling carried them usually in a belt around the body. There was, of course, great danger of being robbed or having the money stolen, but there was no other way. However, "Nick" Biddle's bank issued no bills under five dollars. Silver and gold were almost unknown west of the Alleghanies, so that when we got through dinner at Hamilton that day and came to pay our landlord could only give in change the "shin-plasters," which have already been described, and which, in this case, were the little individual notes of a store-keeper across the street. These we well knew were uncurrent and worthless out of sight of Hamilton. Hence we refused this change, as a matter of course, and

everybody was for the moment utterly at a loss what to do. After a time an experienced traveler remarked:

"Men, there is only one thing to do here. Let us form a syndicate of ten and let each man alternately pay five dollars until we get through." This was done and in that way, as fifty cents was the regulation price, we were thereafter enabled to pay for our meals on the road.

When we reached the Alleghany mountains we found several miles of very steep ascent up which the coaches had to climb to reach the top of a long hill. It was necessary to go very slowly at this point on account of the roughness and steepness of the road, and robbery of trunks from the boots of the stages thus creeping up the mountain at night had become too common. For this reason the stage company had issued orders that on reaching this dangerous point each one of the stages of each day should wait for the others and that all the coaches should assemble at night at the foot of the mountain. Having assembled, it was also ordered that the stages should then close up, and, one after another, thus ascend the mountain for a distance of some five miles, as the road wound around. The passengers, who were all men on this occasion, were also required to leave the coach and directed to form in military order; to elect a commander; to receive pistols, furnished by the stage company, and to march in line immediately behind the line

of coaches. We accordingly got down from the coaches, organized, received our arms and elected an officer. It happened that among the passengers was General Winfield Scott, who was on his way to Washington from Florida, where the war with the Indians was then raging. General Scott was at the head of the army at this time and already famous by reason of his services in 1812-15 in our last war with England. The Mexican war, in which he achieved so much distinction, had yet to come. So, partly through fun and partly to show respect, we chose General Scott to lead us that night up the mountain side. He apparently enjoyed the joke as much as any of us, and during the two hours climb gave us many commands and attempted various military movements, of which we were wholly ignorant. Suffice it to say the robbers failed to attack General Scott's command. We saw no blood shed and at the end of our somewhat fatiguing tramp, the general—thanking us for our obedience to orders—dismissed us. We now resumed our places in the coaches and went down the other side of the mountain at a pace which gave the robbers no chance to trouble us. Ever since, however, I have claimed, and still claim, to have seen military service under General Scott, a claim which few men—if any—now living could advance upon even so slight a foundation.

At Hagerstown the general and others of us took another coach and, leaving the regular road,

went on by a different route to Washington. We reached that city after nightfall, and, as we drove through the poorly lighted streets, a train of railroad cars, brightly lit, passed us on the way to Baltimore. This was my first sight of railroad cars, and I remember they appeared to leap through the darkness as a deer would do.

I remained in Washington a few days, and while there called upon the Representative of our district in congress, who took me to the capitol. Those were stirring times at the national capital. The whole preceding year, indeed, had seen the country in an extraordinary state of political excitement. I have made mention of the heat of the presidential canvass, such as had never been known and has never been repeated. The death of President Harrison and the incoming of the vice-president, John Tyler, into the office of the Chief-Executive had now increased the public turmoil, if that were possible. Shortly before I reached Washington President Tyler had vetoed and killed a bill chartering the new Bank of the United States, for which Henry Clay, the greatest of Kentucky statesmen, had worked so long and so hard. Mr. Clay's great phillippic was delivered on August 19, while I was in Washington. There cannot be many living now who had the privilege of hearing it, and I have always felt deeply indebted to Mr. Triplett, who was then our representative in congress, who gave me the opportunity of

hearing this famous speech. No one then seeing Mr. Clay and hearing him could ever forget some of the things said in the eloquent outbursts of his fiery indignation, which, even in cold print, stirred the hearts of the whole nation. Perhaps the most memorable passage was this:

"It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable in private life, are vices which partake of the nature of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotion of patriotism, which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low or selfish things, and is absorbed in one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, is never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feeling, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues."

From the gallery I saw this greatest of Kentucky statesmen very distinctly, and also had a

good look at many other famous men, the greatest at that day of great statesmen. Among those whom I was so fortunate as to see before leaving the capital were Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster, Mr. Benton and John Quincy Adams. I heard also short speeches on the burning question of this great Bank issue from many orators of lesser fame who were still well known. For congress, like the whole country, was in a furious ferment and constant uproar. Mr. Triplett then took me to the White House and presented me to the president. Mr. Triplett was a Whig and consequently not only disliked but despised the president, and, for this reason, the words exchanged between the two gentlemen on this occasion were necessarily few and cold. Nevertheless Mr. Tyler received us courteously and spoke to me with much kindness, but I was struck with his sad and worn appearance. This was not to be wondered at in view of the fact that he was at that very moment—and for a long time before and afterwards—the target of such vilification as few men have ever had to endure. He was then bearing the whole load of opprobrium alone, his entire cabinet having resigned, with the single exception of Mr. Webster, secretary of state, who was giving him but half-hearted support, and who was fully occupied in defending himself against the public arraignment by the press of the country, which upbraided and taunted him with his failure to go with his party.

The "great traitor to the Whigs" was what he was called in some of the speeches I heard.

From Washington I went to Philadelphia making my first trip by rail. Of my short stay in that city I remember mainly seeing the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, who was then without a rival on the American stage. He was playing Shylock when I saw him, and I was—boy-like—more impressed by the sparks that flew from his whetted knife than from his great art and wonderful histrionic power. Leaving Philadelphia I continued my way to New York, going some miles on the Delaware river by steamer until I reached a modest little railroad over which I came to a small bay below New York. Here I again took a steamer and so landed at last in the great city. My anxiety was now to cash the precious draft on a New York banker, which had cost such a high premium. Knowing nothing of such matters, I had no idea of holding this draft and taking it on to Harvard and using it there as I should have done, to save the risk of losing my money or having it stolen, but supposed I had to go to the banker in New York and there draw the money. Accordingly I hunted up this banker and he took my draft and said:

"This is all right, but whom do you know here? How can you identify yourself?"

I replied that I lived more than a thousand miles away on a farm in Kentucky, that I knew no one

in New York and was on my way to school at Cambridge.

He said: "How then am I to know that you are the right man?"

This greatly confused me and I did not know what to say. The banker doubtless saw the truth, that I was a green young man, fresh from the country, and probably pitied my confusion. He looked at me closely and silently for a few minutes. And so gazing he discovered below my vest my name written on the bosom of my shirt, that being, like myself, another product of the country. He bent forward, pulled up my vest and thus seeing my name more clearly, said smilingly, "That satisfies me." Thereupon he paid the money for my check. I then took a steamer for Providence, Rhode Island, and from that point went by rail to Boston.

It seems strange, but there was not at this time such a thing as a street car to be seen in any American city. On my arrival at Boston I found an omnibus line running three miles out to Cambridge, and that was the sole means of conveyance. On this omnibus I accordingly took passage, and on my arrival at the little town of Cambridge I called on the president of the University, who was then the famous Josiah Quincy, so renowned as a Federalist in politics. He was then an old man. From him I received instructions what to do in order to enter the college, and was soon enrolled

as one of the class in the Harvard Law School.

During my first year I had a room and boarded at the house of Doctor Lyman. This was a frame building, two stories high, and an ordinary house for that day, but it was distinguished by the fact that it was said to have been occupied in 1775 by General Washington as his headquarters when he first took command of the army at Cambridge. Most of the law students boarded and roomed at private houses with families. They were furnished with text-books by the college and studied at their rooms when not in class.

CHAPTER X.

HARVARD AS IT APPEARED TO A STUDENT OF THREE GENERATIONS AGO. THE DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS OF THE LAW SCHOOL, JUDGE STORY AND SIMON GREENLEAF. THEIR METHODS OF TEACHING. AN ANECDOTE OF THE MILLIONAIRE STUDENT. DANIEL WEBSTER AT HARVARD WITH LORD ASHBURTON. THE PRESENCE OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE. THE POPULARITY OF JUDGE STORY. ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS JURIST.

When I thus entered the Law School at Harvard one of the professors in law was Judge Joseph Story so long a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the author of many law books. The other was Simon Greenleaf, the celebrated author of a great law-book on Evidence. We had daily lectures on law from these two distinguished lawyers, and there were daily examinations of the students by questions put by these eminent professors. Twice a week we had mock court, presided over by one of the professors, at which two students were assigned on each side to discuss law questions given out by the professors. This discussion was sometimes marked by very

considerable ability, as most of the law students were grown young men, many of them being graduates from the different leading colleges then to be found in America. As a rule these young men had come to Harvard as the fountain head of legal learning, earnestly meaning to learn all they could, and but few were idlers. I recall but a single exception, and this was the son of a millionaire—there being only one in America at that time. This young gentleman, so distinguished, was a pupil—but not a student—at the Harvard Law School. He attended the lectures as the rest of us did, but he cut a poor figure in class, notwithstanding he was always driven out from his magnificent rooms at the finest hotel in Boston, sitting back in his gorgeous carriage, attended by several liveried servants and accompanied by many dogs. It need hardly be said he was not popular. Boy-nature is much the same, no doubt, in all ages and certainly it was the same among the Harvard students of three generations ago that it is among school-boys today. There was only the difference that such invidious distinctions were rarer then than they are now, and the feeling of democracy was freshly strong, and exceptionally intense through our recent war with England. So it was that there was much general enjoyment of an incident which seemed to the indignant students to put “Mr. Millionaire” in his proper place. He knew nothing of law, but being somehow driven to look into a

digest of legal decisions he happened upon a reference to a point he wished to make. This reference was contained in the 9th volume of English Modern Reports, and the digest in referring to it made use of the familiar abbreviation—"9th Mod." And it was this that tripped up "Mr. Millionaire" and made his fellow-students howl with delight when he said pompously:

"Your Honor will find it in the 9th Moderator."

"Ninth Modern, sir—not Moderator."

Saying this Professor Greenleaf tried to frown down the shouting of the class, but could not help smiling himself. And from that hour to the time that he left Harvard Mr. Millionaire was known to his fellow-students as "Mr. Moderator."

Frequently important cases were argued out in our lecture-room by Mr. Samuel Dexter, Mr. Sumner, and other great lawyers of that day, before Judge Story, sitting as a United States Circuit Court. Judge Story was a great man and had associated with the greatest men of his time for many years. Yet he was utterly without pretensions of any kind and one of the most lovable men I have ever known. He was always in a good humor, and singularly simple-hearted, being almost childlike in his manners, and had a smile for everyone and a pleasant word ever ready for utterance. His long, well-formed head was perfectly bald, with only one little bunch of hair in front, and he had a singular habit of combing this patch of hair

with a small pocket-comb even in lecture hour. It was easy to draw him away from the subject of his lecture and to lead him off into anecdotes about various great men—stories about General Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall and others. Some of the students—all of whom were eager to hear him—would frequently thus draw him out by a pretendedly casual question. Judge Story, also full of fun and fond of jokes, was once called upon to decide an amusing matter, which occasioned some temporary and half-serious perplexity at Harvard. There was a wealthy old man, a retired tanner, then living in Cambridge Port, who was very illiterate, but who must have been a lover of education since he had purchased, through agents in Europe, a library of ten thousand volumes, which were said to be valuable in their contents, and which were all gorgeously bound in gold leaf. He was, at all events, ambitious for literary distinction and determined to achieve it if he could. He accordingly offered to make the whole of this gorgeous library a present to Harvard College, upon the single, but explicit, condition that the college faculty would confer upon him the degree of L. L. D. The governors of the college would have been pleased to add the old man's books to the library, for, as I have said, the books were understood to be valuable inside, as well as outside. But that condition! It is scarcely probable that it was ever seriously

entertained or considered but there naturally was much discussion of the proposition. At any rate the faculty held several meetings—to laugh over the matter, most likely. At the last meeting Judge Story arose and gravely inquired:

“Should we finally accept this proposition and concede the degree—in that case—what would the letters L. L. D. stand for?”

There being no answer to the question, the judge answered it himself:

“If bestowed upon this gentleman, they could not possibly stand for anything but Learned Leather Dresser.” And that settled the question of the library bound in gold leaf.

I remember that during the winter of 1841-42 Daniel Webster, still secretary of state under President Tyler, and Lord Ashburton, the British Minister at Washington, spent many weeks at Cambridge. There was then pending a very grave question with England about the boundary between the State of Maine and Canada. These great men were there to examine, in the library at Harvard, certain old maps and charts, which bore upon this question of boundary, and which could be found no where else. In addition to Lord Ashburton—who, having married an American wife, was assumed to be friendly to her country—England was believed to have another man present, not officially, but to counsel and advise in questions that might arise. This was the Earl of Car-

lisle, who was, however, better known in America as Lord Morpeth, not only as the ablest member of the British Parliament, but as a distinguished man of letters; an author whose pen alone would have rendered him famous. Lord Morpeth—for so the earl was known to us students, and called while in Cambridge—had then retired from Parliament, and appeared at Cambridge ostensibly as a literary man visiting a great American college, but he was, nevertheless, very generally believed to have been sent by the British government to watch and guard the progress of this vast boundary question. Lord Morpeth was then advanced in life and a man of peculiarly unpleasing appearance. He would quietly take a seat on one of the benches among the students. Judge Story, guilelessly led by some designing student, would wander away from the lesson and begin one of his fascinating reminiscences, telling in his charming way what Lord Mansfield, in England, had thought on some great question, and what Chief Justice Marshall, in our country, had said upon the same matter. All the while Lord Morbeth would sit in a negative manner apparently half asleep, his clumsy figure drooping, and with his heavy eyebrows nearly covering his dull eyes, and his thick lips hanging down, thus becoming a really repulsive object to behold. But when Judge Story would turn suddenly toward him and say: "And what do you

think, my Lord, on that question?" the old man would change as quickly as a flash of lightning. He would instantly gather up his lips, raise his eyebrows and, with sparkling eyes and intelligent face, he would make a brilliant reply.

It was about this time, if I remember accurately, that Boston began smiling over an incident, or rather a series of incidents, which illustrate the great judge's sense of humor, his sweet temper and his goodness of heart. There then lived in the city a queer couple of fanatics, an old man named Silas Lamson, and a woman, somewhat younger, whose name was Abigail Folsom. The old man was known as Father Lamson, possibly for the reason that he wore a long snow-white beard and carried a scythe, like a living figure of Father Time. The woman was thought to be partially demented and was usually described as a "crack-brained creature." This strange pair went about the streets together, making speeches which advocated the abolition of slavery, and they were among the first—perhaps they were the first—who publicly agitated the tremendous question. It should be remembered that this was long before the beginning of the abolition movement, long before this question had become a question, and while it was still everywhere regarded by the law-abiding as a wild and dangerous theory. Such was then as much the opinion of Boston generally as of Charleston, but no one appears to have taken

Silas or Abby very seriously. The passers-by used to stop for a moment to listen and then go on with a smile as I often did, merely through idle curiosity, and because the spectacle of a woman speaking in public was sufficiently novel. But neither Father Silas nor Mistress Abby, nor their crusade, appear to have received any serious attention up to the day that Abby suddenly, and for some unaccountable reason, took up a notion to visit Judge Story's court. I do not recall seeing Father Lamson in the court-room with Abby, and have no recollection of hearing of his ever having been there. But I saw Abby—all the students flocked to see and hear the fun. For Abby not only marched boldly into the United States Court but she bravely seized every chance to speak, utterly regardless of the important business that she caused to stand still. The bench and bar were as much bewildered as astounded, at Abby's first appearance and opening harangue. The judge, with his keen sense of humor and unfailing gentle forbearance, passed it over as a joke, and did this more than once. But when Abby kept on coming, and kept on speaking, the matter assumed an entirely different and decidedly serious aspect. Judge Story saw the necessity of putting a stop to this continued interruption of the most important business, and yet he must have been greatly at a loss how to do this—without the severity that he always shrank from. Several

plans were tried and failed to give relief. Finally the judge hit on an expedient that was ultimately successful after being faithfully tried. One day an officer was waiting when Abby came. If I remember correctly this official was no less a personage than the sheriff, himself. At all events, he was there and ready, and when Abby attempted to interrupt the court he arrested her and led her out of the court-room. She made no resistance and went with apparent willingness. Possibly she believed—poor soul—that the longed-for time had come and she was about to become a real martyr to the Cause. A carriage was standing at the door, and into it Mistress Abigail was assisted by the sheriff with much ceremonious politeness, and they were no sooner seated, side by side, than the driver whipped up the horse without a word from the sheriff, and off they went. There was a great crowd looking on in surprise, and I suppose every one was wondering, as I was, what in the world the sheriff could be going to do with poor, crazy Abby Folsom. She was not seen again that day, nor on the next, but she came on the third, and was again arrested, and again taken away by the sheriff, just as on the first occasion. It was, in fact, a week or longer before she finally disappeared never to return, and the business of the court went on without any more interruptions. It was still longer, however, before it became generally known just what the sheriff had done, under

the judge's orders. But the truth was that he had simply taken Abby on a pleasant drive into the country, and when he had gone so far that he knew she could not get back that day he had set her down on the roadside—with the greatest respect—and had driven off leaving her to rage in perfect safety. And this same performance had been repeated several times before Abby was finally discouraged and the business of the United States Court was allowed to go on in peace.

√ I saw Mr. Webster several times during the time of his stay in Cambridge, and on one occasion I heard him make a speech in Faneuil Hall. The city and surrounding country crowded that "Cradle of Liberty," for Mr. Webster was concededly the greatest of American orators. The speech lasted three hours, and, strange to say, it ended in disappointment to me, and, possibly, to better judges than myself. The fact was that Mr. Webster spoke that day at great disadvantage, and under overwhelming embarrassment, greater, perhaps, than he had ever experienced, or ever knew again. The stated subject of his speech was the pending treaty with England, but the topic that must have been uppermost in his own mind, and the real reason drawing such a very large audience was the universal wish to hear any excuse that Mr. Webster might have to offer for remaining alone in the cabinet of President Tyler, and thus becoming "the great traitor to the Whig party."

As I listened it seemed to me, as it must have seemed to any young man of my democratic way of thinking, that the truth was that Mr. Webster was saying little or nothing on this memorable occasion, for the simple reason that he had little, if anything, to say. It was the universal opinion of the Democratic Party, and also of a considerable faction of his own party, that he had remained in President Tyler's cabinet—after every other member had resigned—solely because the office suited him and he wished to retain it. However this may have been, I went away from the hall believing it to be true. To no other cause than his being overwhelmed by embarrassment, and by consciousness of the odiousness that he had incurred, could I possibly ascribe the dullness of this speech from the most brilliant of American orators.

CHAPTER XI.

RAMBLINGS ABOUT OLD BOSTON. THE STIRRING EPISODE OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN TARBOX, THE POPULAR DRIVER OF THE HARVARD 'BUS, AND AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR OF BOXING. THE NEW REGULATION REQUIRING THE UNDER-GRADUATES TO WEAR THE OXFORD CAP AND THE SERIOUS PUBLIC DISTURBANCE THAT GREW OUT OF ITS FIRST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON. WHAT THE AUTHOR THEN THOUGHT OF MR. LONGFELLOW, PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE.

I soon visited all the famous places in and around Boston. The monument on Bunker Hill was not yet completed, but I went to see it and ascended to the top. The view from it gave me my first impression of the distance that the naked eye can reach. The hills around Bunker Hill still showed plain marks of the earthworks thrown up during the Revolution.

The navy yard was one of the great sights and I went, of course, to see that. The Columbus, a seventy-four-gun ship of war, lay near by, and it was interesting to me—a landsman, knowing nothing of the sea or ships—to go on board and through

this vessel which was a vast one for that day. A sailing ship it was for no steam ships of war had then been invented. The decks of this man-of-war looked like a great clean, bare barn. I saw the sailors eating dinner, and four men made a table of a great gun that had wooden trucks under it. These men sat, two on either end, facing each other astride the gun, with their platters of bacon and beans between them. There were three decks on this ship. The largest guns, carrying a ball weighing forty-two pounds, were on the lower deck; above were the thirty-six pounders, and on the topmost deck were the twenty-four pounders. There were said to be seven hundred men attached to this vessel.

In my wanderings about Boston I went mostly on foot and alone. The only public conveyance between the city and Cambridge was the omnibus, as I have already noted. The driver of this 'bus was a man named Tarbox, and I have a particularly distinct recollection of being a passenger of his one day, with a number of other students. There was a stranger, the only one in the 'bus, and he soon told us that he was a professional boxer and gymnast just from London, where he had taught boxing and gymnastic feats. Athletic would, perhaps, better express what he meant but gymnastic was the term then used for what are now called athletics. He boasted that he was so scientific in theory and so skillful in practice that no man

could strike him, because he could always ward off the blows. He went on boasting of his skill in this line, and stated that he was on his way to Harvard to get up a class in boxing and gymnastics. Some of the boys, irritated by his boasts, expressed doubts as to his ability to do all he claimed. One boy said:

"Why, our driver of the omnibus here could knock you over."

"No," replied the stranger, "he may try his best and he will never get in a lick on me."

Now it happened that Tarbox, our driver of the omnibus, had himself been the instructor of a boxing school for a number of years, and had also had charge for a time of the gymnasium at Harvard. But he had—poor fellow—become dissipated, had fallen into bad habits of various kinds, so that he had lost his position, and at this time, when he had become reduced to the humble estate of 'bus driver he was over fifty years of age. The boys all knew his history but the stranger, of course, did not until he was made acquainted with it, then and there, by the students. Tarbox, himself, said nothing, but listened eagerly, and readily agreed when the boys fixed up a match. It was arranged, during our drive, that on our arrival at Cambridge the new professor was to stand in the street and let Tarbox do his best to strike him. As our 'bus approached Cambridge signs were given by the inmates of the 'bus to the students about the com-

mon, and it was quickly understood that something interesting was up. A number of students at once gathered around the 'bus office, and Tarbox was told to be slow in getting ready in order to give time to gather still more spectators to see the fight. Finally the combat opened. Tarbox at first made awkward advances, striking over-head and concealing his skill until a favorable opportunity was offered, when, by a scientific blow, he struck the Englishman under the chin and sprawled him on his back. The boys yelled in triumph and the Englishman left without an attempt at a school.

It was soon after this that the college faculty passed a by-law requiring the under-graduates to wear the Oxford cap. This was an ordinary blue cloth cap, except that over the cap was an enormous board, some twelve inches square, covered with blue cloth like the cap. The students were willing and even pleased and eager to assume the caps, and promptly had them made by the tailors of Boston, and at once began wearing them, little thinking that their first display of caps in Boston would cause war—as it did. The trouble came up about in this way: A dozen or more of the boys all proudly wearing the new caps, went to the city in the omnibus and alighted at the 'bus stand, where there happened to be a number of idle cab-drivers standing about. Some of these cab-men, being amused at the novelty of this conspicuous head-

gear, began guying the students. The boys, after some forbearance, became incensed, and stones were thrown on both sides. The cab-drivers being too strong in numbers, and in the arm, soon got the upper hand. Thereupon some one among the students drew a pistol and fired it, wounding one of the cab-men. The police then interfered and stopped further disorder for the time being. But this was not by any means the end of the trouble. At night the cab-men, reinforced by the wagon-drivers and draymen of the city, making altogether a formidable force of several hundred, gathered and held a meeting. At this meeting they resolved to unite in a body, march to Cambridge and "clean out" the college boys. And this enterprise was actually undertaken. A large body of these men, thus gathered and, marching together, did set out and advance perhaps half-way out to Cambridge, armed and ready for the affray. Meantime the faculty of the college, learning of this, and much alarmed, had armed the students with guns hurriedly fetched from the United States navy yard, including a cannon. The college had also summoned a company of soldiers from the navy yard, together with the police force of Boston. These formidable preparations for defense had sufficient effect to turn back the force marching on us. But so far as my knowledge goes this was the last time that the Oxford cap was worn in Boston—certainly it was the last time during my stay at Harvard.

Another memorable incident was the coming to Boston of Charles Dickens, who was then at the height of his fame. Boston was the literary centre of this country at that time, and the interest in the famous novelist was, accordingly, greater there than anywhere else. Many large delegations waited upon him in Boston—literary society was all in a flutter. Out at Harvard the students held a meeting and appointed committees from each state to call upon Mr. Dickens and invite him to visit their states. I was appointed for Kentucky, and although the invitation to Kentucky was a written one, my desire to see the celebrated writer was so great that I took it myself and delivered it in person. Mr. Dickens not only received me with great courtesy, but was kind enough to give me a written acknowledgement of the invitation to visit Kentucky. I am afraid, however, that I did not value the autograph so highly after I had seen his book on America, and knew his real sentiments towards a people who had shown him every honor.

I was a natural lover of good books, and my life at Harvard gave me free access to the greatest library then in America. I was allowed under proper restriction, to take books to my room, and there, pouring over the great sources of knowledge, I formed the habit of useful reading which has strengthened as the years have passed. In making frequent visits to the library I used often to see

Mr. Longfellow, who was then the professor of literature, and whom I rarely saw elsewhere, as my studies in the Law School did not bring me in contact with him. And I always looked at him with keen interest; not because he was a great poet—for him fame came later—but because he was such a great dandy, such an exquisite in his dress and manner.

Another whom I often saw in the library was Professor Webster, who lectured on chemistry, but I have no clear recollection of him personally, since he was not one of my teachers. Probably I should never have thought of him after leaving school but for the gruesome tragedy which thrilled Harvard and the whole world with horror shortly after I left. I refer, of course, to Professor Webster's secret and peculiarly atrocious murder of Doctor Parkham, its singular discovery, his sensational trial and his execution for the crime.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VACATION ADVENTURES OF TWO HARVARD CHUMS.
CROSSING THE NEWLY FIXED BOUNDARY BETWEEN
THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. AN EXCITING
INCIDENT MARKING THE LINE. AMERICAN AND
BRITISH SOLDIERS ENCAMPED ON THE BORDER.
THE ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF THE TWO
HARVARD STUDENTS AT QUEBEC.

My closest chum at Harvard was Lewis Simonds, from Charleston, South Carolina, who was a law-student, like myself and about my own age. During the vacation of '42 he and I determined to make a walking tour through the northern States and possibly as far as Canada. We embarked on a steamboat at Boston and went to Portland, Maine. Here we procured soldiers' knapsacks and set out on foot for Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, a distance of seventy-five miles. We tramped over this distance, stopping for our meals and to sleep at farm-houses on the way. There was no railroad in all that country. We at length reached this charming lake, spent a few days fishing here and then footed it on to the White mountains

some twenty-five miles distant. We had learned that on reaching Mount Washington and before and after passing through the gap, we would find two public houses, one on either side of the gap, five miles apart for that is—or was—the distance through the pass. One of these houses on the east end of the gap, was kept by a man named Fabian; the other at the other end, by a man named Grigsby. As we approached within a few miles of the gap a light wagon drove up behind us, the driver inquiring of us whether we were bound for the mountains, and on our reply in the affirmative, he asked us at which house we would stop, Fabian's or Grigsby's. We replied that we hardly knew, for we had heard that Fabian was a great rascal and Grigsby no better.

He replied: "Won't you get in, my young friends, and take a ride?"

We thanked him and got in his wagon and rode with him until we came to the hotel at the east end of the pass, when he remarked:

"Now then, jump out—and try me. I am Fabian."

We took him at his word and received the best of treatment during the four days that we spent with him, and had only a very moderate bill to pay. We spent some time fishing in the mountain streams. The killing of a large rattlesnake was an incident of our stay, and I carried his rattles away in my pocket. We moved on

toward the boundary—just fixed by the treaty—between our country and Canada. When we reached it we found soldiers belonging to both nations encamped there not over half a mile apart. While passing the boundary we saw a British soldier desert and we watched him make hot haste to pass the iron post that marked the line. A troop of dragoons was in close pursuit, but he escaped and went but a few feet beyond the post before he stopped and turned and defied his pursuers. From St. Johns we journeyed on, still afoot, twenty miles farther to the city of Montreal in Canada. Here we saw British troops, a Scotch regiment of Highlanders in drill, a sight that we had never witnessed before. At Montreal we took a steamer called the “Queen” for the young Queen Victoria, who had ascended the throne only a few years before.

The next day found us in the ancient city of Quebec. Simonds and I were in the market-house talking to some Indians who had trinkets for sale, when a man in citizen's clothes approached us, saying that a gentleman across the street wished to see us. We followed him over the way. He went up a few steps, opened a door, motioned to us to enter, and as we walked in he suddenly closed the door and locked us in jail. Here we were left in utter surprise and the greatest perplexity and alarm. We had no idea what on earth it could mean. The only thing that was clear was the fact

that we were in prison together and with many others. There were probably one hundred men in this long, dark room in which we thus found ourselves. It was just at dusk. There was no accommodation for comfort. The few benches were occupied; no supper was brought in, and the officer who had arrested us did not make his appearance that night. The other prisoners, a rough, dangerous looking company, seemed to take things easily but could give us no explanation of our arrest beyond suggesting that it might possibly have some connection with certain political disorders then raging. We walked the long room until we were weary, discussing the situation. I was more troubled and humiliated than angry, but my more hot-headed chum was raging with anger and indignation. We both finally concluded that in the morning we would be subjected to some sort of trial, or would, at least, learn why we had been arrested. It is hardly necessary to say that we did not sleep at all, or even doze, being too greatly excited to think of rest, had there been room to lie down or so much as an unoccupied spot or a seat in which to rest. During this memorable night—my first and last in prison—I naturally turned out the contents of my pockets. In doing this I found a letter of introduction, which I had not yet had time to deliver. It was a most cordial letter and had been given me by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, who was at this time

among the most prominent and influential citizens of Boston. I had been fortunate enough, on leaving Kentucky, to take to him a letter of introduction from an old friend of his, Mr. James Guthrie, a gentleman standing as high in Louisville as Mr. Lawrence stood in Boston. On my presenting this letter Mr. Lawrence had shown me much kindness. I had become acquainted with his family, and when he heard of my intended trip and learned that it might possibly be extended as far as Canada, he was so thoughtful and kind as to send me a letter of introduction to an old friend of his living in Quebec. This was the letter that I found on turning out my pockets in prison that night; and it was addressed to Lord Plunket, who was at that time paymaster of the British army in Canada.

I do not recall that I immediately realized the value of this letter in my present situation, and I do not remember that I spoke of it to my friend or that he even knew I had it. I am only certain that we were both getting madder and madder every moment. It happened that we were near the door when our captor opened it the next morning, and, before I could speak, Simonds sprang at him like a tiger.

"You insolent scoundrel;" he shouted, "what do you and your low masters mean by placing decent gentlemen in such a place? Where is your master? Fetch your captain—fetch some one in authority,

instantly! Do as I tell you or—as American citizens—we will appeal to the Government of the United States.”

The man—an Irish policeman—was startled and frightened, and retreated hurriedly. Presently he came back with another officer, and my friend and I were taken to the captain's office. He asked who we were and what was our business in Quebec. We answered shortly enough, and he, growing angry, ordered us searched. The first interesting thing they found on me was the snake's rattles, which they evidently knew nothing about and looked at long and suspiciously. But the search very soon came to an abrupt end when they found and read the letter to Lord Plucket. I can see the captain's face of consternation after all these years! He at once began stammering out the most profuse apologies, plainly growing more and more alarmed as he realized the gravity of his blunder. He bowed and scraped, becoming positively abject, as he tried to explain by saying that the local rebellion had forced his men to be suspicious of all strangers, and in our case had caused us to be mistaken for political agitators. We could get no clearer explanation than this, which was probably the clearest understanding of the arrest that the captain, himself had, and we then left threatening national vengeance and private prosecution. These threats, of course, were never carried out but it is not probable that any more

Americans were arrested in Quebec on mere suspicion.

It may be of interest to know how—finding ourselves entirely out of money very soon after—we two adventurous youngsters got back to Boston from Vermont. One morning, on going to pay our bill for lodging, we found only one silver twenty-five cent piece left between us. We walked some miles without any breakfast and at last went to one of the country stands, that were then on every roadside, and inquired what the keeper of it charged for breakfast. He replied he had two kinds of breakfast; one for a bit (twelve and a half cents) the other for a shilling. We selected the bit breakfast and, having eaten it with a good appetite, we paid him our last piece of money. We then traveled on nearly all day with nothing more to eat and feeling a little blue. Late in the afternoon we passed a country house where we saw a number of bright tin pans standing out in the sun by the house side. Here was an unmistakable indication of cheese. We were very hungry indeed by this time, and we entered the house and asked for bread and cheese. The proprietor, who seemed a gentleman, at once answered favorably and politely handed us some fine cheese with good bread, of which we ate liberally, and then—mustering our courage—we inquired boldly what there was to pay.

“Not a cent, gentlemen,” was our host’s reply.

At this we rather insisted on payment, but he would have nothing. We went on with new strength and courage, and about night approached the old town of Bennington. Here we found a stage line running to Boston. Going to the stage agent we frankly stated our desperate plight, told him who we were and explained our temporary financial embarrassment. We finally satisfied him that we were as we represented ourselves, students on a wild tramp. He agreed to give us tickets on trust through to Boston, upon receiving our word of honor that our stage fare would be paid at the end of our journey. The only remaining trouble was to get something to eat on the way, for it was two days journey and we had not a penny. The agent, who was a man of resources, also managed this. He gave us a letter of credit to the public houses along the road, thus providing for the necessary meals. Armed with the tickets and the letter of credit, we then set out in the stage, or rather on top of it, for the long trip to Boston. We winced and flinched sometimes at the eating stands, where we were compelled to show our letter of credit. But on the whole the journey was comfortable and even pleasant. It is, however, the only time in my whole life that I can remember to have been entirely without money in my pocket, and my friend was usually better provided with means than myself. In after years, when each of us had become the president of a bank, we liked

to look back at this boyish experience—but it was not an enjoyable one at the time.

I frequently made short journeys in the vicinity of Boston on Saturdays and holidays. The steamers on the sound once cut the rate to New York down to twenty-five cents, exclusive, of course, of food and beds, which have always been extras. I made this excursion, and on returning went by way of New Haven to take a look at Yale College, having always a keen interest in all high institutions of learning. I traveled to New Haven by steamboat, and on the forecastle of the steamer I quickly discovered a tall, lean, bent old man sitting on a box smoking a pipe. There was something about him that impressed me, something that drew me to enter into conversation with him, though I was usually backward with strangers. He replied in a most friendly manner, and I soon learned that he was no less a personage than the great Noah Webster. His name had been familiar to me ever since I had known my letters, for it was on all the spelling-books used in my childhood. He was known, indeed, all over the world, for his dictionary, which, in itself alone, was an extraordinary work for any one man to have accomplished. He was in his eighty-third year at this time, and it is hard for me to realize that the young man, who thus had the honor and pleasure of seeing and listening to him, should now—when writing of that interview—be, himself, an old man of the same age.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM HARVARD AND SUBSEQUENT GRADUATION WITH THE CLASS OF '43. FALLING IN LOVE, MARRIAGE AND SETTLING DOWN. THE PRACTICE OF LAW IN KENTUCKY SIXTY YEARS AGO. CERTAIN PECULIAR CONDITIONS WHICH AFFECTED LOCAL LITIGATION AND GAVE IT A NATIONAL IMPORTANCE AND INTEREST.

I was graduated with the class of '43. There were reasons for my returning home as speedily as possible, and as it was not required that I should stay till the close of the school, I left Harvard for Kentucky in the spring of that year, my diploma being sent me.

Shortly after coming back to the farm I went to Morganfield intending to make a brief visit to my relatives. On the very day of my arrival in the village I met a tall, beautiful girl at the house of my Aunt Nancy. This young lady had the brightest, blackest eyes, the blackest hair, the fairest skin and the rosiest cheeks that I had ever seen. I was presented to her and heard her called Miss Sarah Brady, but I was very bashful, never having mixed much in the company of ladies, and hardly

heard her name. To see her was enough. At all events it was some time before I identified this vision of womanly loveliness with the black-eyed, curly-headed little torment who used to stick pins in me and do other things to make me miserable at Dickey's school. But it made no difference when I recognized her as the same, for by that time I was deeply in love. We were married on June the thirteenth of the same year, 1843, when I was but twenty-two, and she was barely seventeen.

She was an only daughter, having but one brother, and we made our home at her father's house during the first two years of our married life. Then we went to house-keeping in a very humble fashion on the very spot where I am writing this today; the spot where we brought up our large family of children; the spot where we celebrated our golden wedding, and where we were given even a few more happy years together.

I had spent on my education about all that my father and grandfather had left me, and my early marriage brought heavy responsibilities long before I was at all prepared to meet them. I consequently tried several experiments in trading, hoping thereby to make money faster than I could hope to do by the practice of the law, since the practice itself was yet to make. But I was not successful in these attempts and I soon settled to the pursuit of my profession. Looking back over

these early professional struggles I find that one of my first important cases was a suit in which I was employed by Mr. John C. Rives, of whom I have already made mention as a man of National reputation. He and Mr. Blair were still conducting "The Globe" and were also doing a large amount of Government printing. A dealer and manufacturer of printing paper, having a factory in New York, approached Mr. Rives and proposed entering into a contract to furnish "The Globe" with all the printing paper needed for the newspaper and other business for a much lower price than Mr. Rives and Mr. Blair had been paying for no better material. This interview ended by Mr. Rives entering into a contract with the manufacturer for printing paper. Mr. Rives had now become widely and well-known in New York, and it was a part of the contract that he should indorse the contractor's notes to an agreed amount, thus enabling him to borrow from the New York banks money to pay for the making of the paper. It was out of this clause in the contract that the trouble came. Without going into wearisome, technical explanations, I may say that the manufacturer used the notes thus endorsed by Mr. Rives for fraudulent purposes without the knowledge of Mr. Rives. The New York man had squandered the money raised in this dishonorable manner in wild speculation. Among other enterprises he had bought a valuable lot on Fifth Avenue and had

built upon it a handsome church—this, like everything else, in reckless speculation. The church was all that my client got when we won the suit. Mr. Rives had never had any experience in dealing with such property, but neither had he ever known what it was to fail in any undertaking, and he finally succeeded in selling the church to a wealthy congregation for \$80,000.

Another early law-suit of a different kind involving merely a few legal investigations and formalities but of some interest, was one in which I was employed by Ex-President Tyler. I had not seen him since being presented to him in the White House when on my way to Harvard. He, of course, had no recollection of ever having seen me, and my employment in the case must have been a mere coincidence. However, when he came to Morganfield in the summer of '46, I invited him to our home, and my wife placed the best that we had—which was little and plain enough—at his disposal. He came on horseback, wearing leggings that were covered with mud, as, indeed, he was himself, being well splashed from head to foot, and he spent a day and night with us as our guest. He had come for the purpose of seeing a tract of land that he owned in the lower part of the country and about the boundary of which there was some confusion and danger of litigation. The next day we set out (in the first new buggy ever in the village) to inspect the land in question.

Approaching it we met a prominent citizen, Mr. Benedict Wathen, whose land lay next to Mr. Tyler's. Very soon after we three were joined by Mr. Tilman Pierson, a famous early surveyor, who knew the lines of every boundary in the whole country, and to whom I had sent a message, asking him to meet the ex-president and myself. We were relying largely upon his knowledge to settle the dispute. Mr. Wathen knew nothing of surveying, although he was a most intelligent and highly cultured gentleman, and he went along with us for company sake. All of us, however, did our best to find a certain mulberry tree, bearing a mark of the original survey. Mr. Pierson led us straight to the corner where to his certain knowledge the mulberry had stood formerly, and he accurately pointed out the converging side lines and the exact spot where the corner was, but he could not find the tree itself, or any trace of it. After a long and futile search and discussion I went home with Mr. Pierson to dinner, while Mr. Wathen invited Mr. Tyler to go home with him, which he did, with the understanding that I should call for him on the way home. But the surveyor and I had hardly finished our noon-day meal when a messenger came after us in a great hurry from Mr. Wathen's with the information that the mulberry corner was found. This was astonishing news to Mr. Pierson and myself, and we started immediately for the land, wondering what had

been discovered. Upon our arrival the president and Mr. Wathen led us proudly to a mulberry tree standing some sixty or eighty yards from the real corner. Mr. Pierson raised his hand and placed it against the tree, thus shading the trunk about five feet from the ground.

"Why, there's nothing here," he said in perplexity, turning to Mr. Tyler.

"But look up there," said the president, pointing to a spot high up on the trunk of the tree. "There are the corner marks."

The surveyor stared at him blankly for a moment in silent amazement and turned again bewilderedly to stare at the mulberry. And then it suddenly dawned upon him that this statesman, who had been chief-executive of the nation, and this educated gentleman, who was considered one of the country's most learned men, both believed that a surveyor's mark, made at the customary height of five feet, had grown up with the tree till it had moved some ten or twelve feet. When he fully grasped the situation the surveyor fell down and fairly rolled over in paroxysms of laughter. Mr. Tyler looked at him in amazement.

"What is the matter with the man?" he asked rather stiffly.

I explained as well as I could for laughing myself, telling him that Mr. Pierson was naturally surprised and amused that so great and wise a man as the president of the United States should not

know so simple a fact as that a mark on a tree never gets any higher than when it was first made, no matter how much the tree may grow in height.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Tyler, and then he laughed too, at his own blunder.

This was, I believe, my earliest interest in the original surveys of this country. Afterwards circumstances growing out of peculiar local conditions led my legal experiences almost exclusively in the same direction—that of land litigation. This was because I chanced to live in the Military District of Kentucky, which I have already spoken of; the country that Virginia had given to her soldiers with such lavish carelessness as brought about the extraordinary tangle of titles which gave many lawyers all the work they could do for a good many years. But, although in my early manhood I was merely one of the many lawyers who strove hard to bring order out of the confusion, I am now, perhaps, the only one living to remember from personal knowledge how great this was, how strange and how romantic. It was, indeed, a remarkable and comparatively little-known element of our national history. And, as I may be the only one left to revive it at first hand, it seems best for me to put the remarkable facts in print as briefly as possible, even at the risk of being rather dry.

This portion of Kentucky lying below Green river, as I have mentioned elsewhere, had been set apart by Virginia as a gift from that state to her

soldiers who had served in the Revolution. Shortly after the close of that war these lands were surveyed and patents issued to the beneficiaries. This fact also has been referred to, together with the indifference of the soldiers, who took the gift, thinking the land might in time be valuable to their posterity, but without thought of any benefit to be derived in their own lifetime. Thus it was that these lands were forgotten, neglected and suffered to remain wild and untilld until a generation had passed and the children of these old soldiers had children of their own before they began to hunt up their honorable inheritance. Virginia had protected their interests as well as she could and had guarded her generous gifts to the limit of her power. She had delayed her consent to Kentucky's becoming a state until she was first assured that the lands lying in the Military District and granted her soldiers should be protected by the new state against confiscation or loss to them. This was finally arranged by a compact entered into by the district of Kentucky with Virginia, drawn up by able lawyers, especially to protect the lands in Kentucky owned by citizens of Virginia, and most especially those belonging to the soldiers of the Revolution. This having been secured Kentucky, with the assent of Virginia, was admitted into the union as a state in 1792. Not more than six years after her admission, however, unscrupulous parties succeeded in get-

ting an act passed by the Kentucky legislature. This was called the Headright law, and gave two hundred acres of land to any settler on vacant land who would improve the same and reside on it and make proof of these facts before certain commissioners, whose certificate authorized a grant to be issued. Then began the tangle of titles that required more than half a century's litigation to unravel. In the Military District parties often went on a military survey, well known to be such, and laid claim to two hundred acres, and "improved" this two hundred acres to the extent of chopping down a few pawpaw bushes and forming a brush-pile, or, at the most, getting a log hut put up and a squatter to live in it. Then by making proof by some other party, similarly engaged, the necessary certificate was obtained from the commissioners and a grant was duly issued. This law was soon followed by another just as iniquitous in its effect, which made several years occupancy by one's self or one's tenant, by actual residence on land, a bar to all claims of other persons. This was intended wholesale to defeat the Virginia claimants to Kentucky lands and to compel them to sell those lands for what they would bring. The ostensible object of this law was the settlement of the state, but the effect of it was a widespread attempt to defraud. There was an exception to this limitation of seven years in favor of infants and married women. The law was scarce-

ly passed before the parties in Virginia owning the military lands began sending to Kentucky lawyers their patents, which were most imposing documents, printed on parchment with the great seal of Virginia and bearing the signature of Patrick Henry, then the governor of the state.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TARDY CLAIMS MADE BY THE CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION. THE WAY THAT THE KENTUCKY LAWYERS WENT ABOUT DEFENDING THEIR RIGHTS TO THE LANDS GRANTED THEIR FATHERS AND GRAND-FATHERS IN THIS MILITARY DISTRICT. THE ALMOST UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY FOR THE VIRGINIA CLAIMANTS THAT PREVAILED IN THE REGION WHERE THE DISPUTED LANDS LAY.

Most of these old patents for land in the Military District were sent to ex-Governor Archibald Dixon, of Henderson, who was then, and for many years, the leading attorney of our section. I was fortunate enough to be closely associated with him, and in that way was brought in contact with this most interesting species of litigation, near its height, and I thus continued to be closely associated with it for more than thirty years. Great numbers of suits were brought by these Virginian claimants to recover land granted to their ancestors by the state of Virginia for services in the Revolution. These suits were called "Ejectments," by reason of the form adopted in these actions. The old

patents would be sent on by Governor Dixon to me, and as a first step I would at once direct the surveyor to survey the land, both to identify the tract and to see the extent of the intruder's claim and improvement. I would then file the suit, give notice to the party in possession and proceed to have depositions taken in Virginia to prove the heirship of the parties suing from the patentee. When this heirship was that of grand-children we could nearly always find one or more infants. It was especially important to prove one party plaintiff to be an infant under twenty-one years of age or a married woman; for either of these facts prevented the party defendant from relying on the seven-year limitation. Should one or more of the corner trees, marked as such in 1783 when the Virginia title was located, be found, this would establish the identity of the land as being the same originally surveyed for the patent claimant's ancestors. Many of these trees were still standing and when one was found it was then necessary to prove that the defendant was on the land by his improvement. That was all that was required upon the side of the Virginia claimant, and it devolved upon the defendant to establish his seven years' possession. Should he do that, we would usually prove some one or more of our clients to be under age and so get an instruction from the court that time did not bar the action. These preliminary steps were left to me, but I seldom spoke

in the cases. I was never anything of an orator, and the speaking in these most interesting cases was always done by my distinguished associate.

Governor Dixon was not only one of the ablest lawyers of his time, and a powerful, brilliant speaker, but he was also one of the finest looking and most imposing men I have ever seen. It was a privilege and treat to see and hear him argue these cases. Arising to address the jury he would stand at his great height, a noble figure, without speaking for some time, all the while opening and turning the old patent, some eighteen inches square, impressed with the big red wax seal of the state of Virginia and signed by Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia. This patent, being on parchment, would rattle, and the jury could not help looking at it and knowing what it was. After this silent, impressive introduction the orator would begin:

"Gentlemen of the jury, who are the people suing for this land?"

Then he would pause again and spread out the old patent with its eloquent seal and its moving signature, both of which stood for patriotism, presently going on:

"I will *tell* you who these people are. They are the children and grand-children of a man who fought and shed his blood for your liberty—yours and mine!"

Another telling pause, and then holding the

parchment above his head and waving it like a flag:

"Do you know whom he fought—for your freedom and mine? It was England—King George and all his hired red-coats! Will you in return for this see his children and grand-children robbed of the land that old Virginia—God bless her—gave him for fighting to set us free—you—you, sir—you and me?"

I hardly need say that the verdict was in favor of the Virginia claimants. Popular sentiment was unanimously on their side as the rightful owners of the land, and every respectable person looked down with open and declared contempt on those who tried to rob them. Nevertheless there were plenty of unscrupulous persons ready to make the attempt, and others, honest in intent, who became innocently entangled in the maze of titles. In my early practice, indeed, it might be called the public habit to sue about land. I recall an instance that will show how this was. Two men, named Abner Davis and Richard Hord, bought one of these large military surveys from its lawful owner at a liberal price, and forthwith began a quarrel over its boundaries that kept me and another lawyer busy for a good many years. I was Mr. Davis' attorney and my client would come to me in a great rage saying:

"Sue Dick; his negro cut an ox-switch off my land. Bill Jones saw him do it."

The other lawyer's client, Mr. Hord, would go

to him greatly excited:

"Sue Abner! It is my pecan tree that his negroes have been thrashing for nuts."

And it was quite useless for me or the other lawyer to try to dissuade the owners of this military survey from bringing their absurd disputes into court, although we earnestly endeavored to do so, having all the serious land business that we could attend to.

It is now more than half a century since I brought a suit so remarkable that it attracted wide attention at the time. An old man of our neighborhood, a childless widower, named Charles Ramsey, died. He had been a miser and one of the very few money-lenders then in that section; and he left an estate worth more than sixty thousand dollars, which was a large property for the day and place. No will was found and the heirs-at-law were a brother, a sister and a half-brother. The sister, however, had been stolen in infancy by the Indians and, at the time of Charles Ramsey's death, had not been heard of for some seventy years. I had nothing to do with the settlement of the estate, but I knew a great deal about Mr. Ramsey's affairs, for the reason that he was always suing some one and generally came to me to bring the suits. His brother administered on the estate and the general impression was that the lost sister Elizabeth's share would never be claimed, as she was supposed to be dead long before. My first

knowledge to the contrary came through a letter from a lawyer, a stranger, who wrote me from the northwest Indian territory, in the country which is now Minnesota. The lawyer's letter told me that the lost sister of Charles Ramsey had been found. It said that she was a Mrs. Powell, a widow with a large family of children, and that she was then living in that country in the greatest poverty and ignorance. She had, so the letter stated, been brought before the writer of it by a man named Wilson, the son of her half-brother. This man had directed the lawyer to draw up a deed conveying her entire interest in her brother, Charles Ramsey's, estate to him and his brother for the sum of \$200. The lawyer's letter went on to say that the man had induced the old woman to sign this deed by making a cross after her name, as she could not write or read. After a full statement of the case the lawyer directed me to look into the case and should I find it one of fraud, as he suspected, I must bring suit for Mrs. Powell without delay. I at once set all the wheels in motion, but it is not necessary to describe the legal processes in the matter. The interesting fact brought to light was that these rascally nephews had hunted up the poor old woman and had found her—no one but themselves knew how. She was so ignorant that she understood nothing of the facts; quite incapable of understanding the value of her inheritance; and so poor that \$200 seemed

riches and she was eager to get that sum by signing away nearly thirty thousand dollars. The legal struggle to recover her rights was a long and hard one. I found my greatest efforts defeated again and again by the active, shrewd rascality of the nephews. They went again to Minnesota and induced the old woman to sign another paper, saying that the suit had been brought without her knowledge and asking to have it dismissed. This confronted me at the first term of court after the bringing of the suit. I succeeded, however, in inducing the court to look into the case before dismissing it. The judge went out of the court house that day with the papers under his arm, and on the next morning refused to dismiss the suit. On the next calling of the case the indefatigable nephews—to my utter astonishment—actually produced the old woman herself in court. The nephews' attorney arose and in addressing the court stated that a suit was pending in this court in the name of Elizabeth Powell and against Anderson Wilson and others; that this suit had been brought without authority and was now prosecuted against the will of Mrs. Powell; that at great trouble and expense Mrs. Powell had been brought to court and wished him to have the suit dismissed. He turned to the poor, bent old woman sitting by him and inquired of her whether what he had stated was true? She nodded her head. I then arose and objected to the dismissal of the suit and referred the

court to what had been attempted by the defendants at the last term; the monstrous fraud that the court at that time found to have been perpetrated on this helpless old woman, and I then charged that she was now a prisoner in the hands of these same men, not knowing what she was doing. In conclusion I asked the judge to have the sheriff bring the woman to his, the judge's, room, in order that his Honor might explain to the helpless old creature what her rights were and ascertain for himself whether she was a free agent. This, by the court's orders, was done. I was allowed to be present, while the nephews were kept away. The judge and myself talked to her and explained what a large share of her brother's estate was hers and soon opened her eyes so that at her request the court finally refused to dismiss the case. She would have nothing more to do with her nephews and was so utterly helpless that—not knowing what else to do—I took her to my own house, to the dismay of my wife and the delight of my children and the servants. For the poor old woman was a wild creature, with many of a savage's ways. In the end I recovered her full share of her brother's estate, but it was hardly placed in her hands before another trickster cheated her out of it.

About the time that this suit was decided another, involving a large military survey, took me to West Virginia and to Washington. The suit itself

was of no special interest, but the visit to the national capitol was memorable for the reason that it was already seething with the political unrest which broke into civil war only three years later. This visit to the capitol was in '57, and my friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. Samuel Casey—the pride of our whole country—was still the treasurer of the United States. He went with me to call upon President Buchanan. When we first entered the President's presence he was engaged and we took seats on a sofa to wait till he was at leisure. We thus had plenty of time to observe the gentleman with whom the President was in earnest, low-toned conversation. This caller was a tall, slender, grave-looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, and plainly dressed, who stood holding a black straw hat in his hand. As he turned away and left the room Mr. Casey told me that this was the Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ON-COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR AND THE OUT-COME
TO THE SOUTH AND TO THE AUTHOR. HIS STRUG-
GLES DURING HIS COUNTRY'S STRUGGLE TO BRING
ORDER OUT OF CHAOS. THE DAWN OF PEACE. A
SEPARATION. AND NOW A CLEAR SUNSET.

Just before the outbreak of the civil war I had been elected judge of the county court, but soon decided to resign the office. With the passing of the great land litigation the practice of my profession ceased to be as profitable as formerly in our country. It had, indeed, long been a favorite jest of my wife's that it took all I could make at my profession to support our slaves in comfort. I had, however, been successful in landed investments, and now, resigning the judgeship, I turned my attention wholly to such business, glad to resign office and get out of politics with the on-coming of the war.

Of that awful conflict—the greatest and fiercest in modern times—I shall not try to speak at length. Others have spoken, and then to us old people of the south that dreadful time seems so near-by that we cannot speak of it dispassionately, and the old

should never speak of anything in any other way. As to the ostensible cause of the war I may say that I have always regarded secession as a mistake. But this view did not affect my sympathies, which were wholly southern from the beginning to the end. They could not possibly have been anything else, considering the stock from which I had sprung. As to the issue that arose during the struggle I am bound to state that as a lawyer I could not but hold that the law of the state and the Constitution was violated by the emancipation of the slaves of Kentucky, without compensation to the owners, that state remaining in the union and having in no wise forfeited her right to its protection of her lawful property. This was and is still my professional view of the legal aspect of that question; quite apart from my individual opinion of the institution of slavery.

It was among the few pleasant incidents of the war that, during the invasion of our country by the Federal forces, one of the officers in command was General Hughes, a school-mate whom I had known in Harvard. I confess that I was not so much pleased to renew the acquaintance as I would have been under other circumstances. He shook hands, however, and was so kind as to place a guard around my house, so giving my family protection that I could not give them. Our village was directly in the track of the National storm, and we suffered from continual raids from both sides and

their ceaseless skirmishing about our very doors. Soldiers of both armies were killed under our eyes. citizens who were not armed were shot down as they went about their peaceful pursuits. Nearly all of our prominent men—civilians—were arrested and thrown into prison, and some of them were turned out to come home wrecked in health, without ever having been charged with any offense and without undergoing any form of trial. I myself was not arrested during the war, possibly because I was a quiet man and had little to say, though I never made any secret of where I stood from first to last.

When the final emancipation proclamation was issued I called my slaves together and told them they were free, as the law required the owners of slaves to do. They must have known of the proclamation before I told them, but if so, they gave no sign of such knowledge. It was on a dark, cold day that I thus called them together, and the snow was falling. I stood in the dining-room door with my wife and children standing at my side. It seemed to me that I had never before realized how many there were of these helpless black children of all ages, who had been born in the family and who had all their lives looked to my father, my wife's father or to myself for everything—food clothes, care, protection and guidance. They now stood in silence for a minute after I had spoken, telling them that they were free. The women had

their arms rolled in their aprons, and the men held their hats in their hands and looked at the snowy ground. The first to speak was an old man whom my children called Uncle Tom and who had been the overseer of the others. He said in a trembling voice:

"What air we all gwine to do, Marse George?"

"I don't know, Tom," I said sadly. "It's as dark to me as to you. But we must all grope our way together and do the best we can. I can't take care of all of you now, as I have done, and pay you wages, too. But all of you are welcome to stay in your old home till you know what you wish to do."

"Then, I'm a-gwine to stay just like I always have."

That was Tom's final decision made then and there. The others said nothing and turned away in silence, but no one left for some time afterwards, and it was months, a year, perhaps, before most of our black family were widely scattered. The main reason for a general movement among them—for my slaves going to live with a neighbor and his crossing the fences to live with me—was that they seemed unable to realize their freedom till they made some sort of change.

Well, order came out of chaos as the troubled years passed, and the spring of '69 found me actively pushing an enterprise which I had undertaken ten years before, but had been forced to abandon under the troubles of the war. This was

the establishment of a bank in Morganfield. By my application and with the assistance of our representative in the legislature an act was passed chartering the bank, and in the following year it was put in operation, with myself as president, and it has proven a success from the start to the present, after thirty-five years of existence. I liked the banking business, but the presidency of a bank in a small town is not mainly an office of responsibility, as it is in a city bank. On the contrary the village banker has much work to do with his own hand, and this I finally found so heavy—as the bank's affairs grew larger—that I decided to resign and did so, after holding the office for eighteen years.

This retirement from banking took place in my sixty-seventh year, an age when a man, who has worked hard for forty-five years, naturally begins to long for rest. It was, indeed, the beginning of the most tranquil period of my life. Yet it was not by any means one of idleness, for my private business has ever since furnished in abundance the interest and occupation without which no one of industrious habits and active mind can be content. But my experience henceforth was to be almost wholly bounded by the family circle, as an old man's should be. I had done my work in the outside world to the best of my ability, and I had won the happiest estate longed for by the wisest of men, which is neither poverty nor riches. I had

seen the wonderful development of the State and the marvelous advance of the country, and all was now prosperity and peace. Thus passed the tranquil years up to the summer of the war with Spain. That conflict, itself, meant little to me, but it was just at this time that I was stunned by the heaviest blow that had ever fallen upon me. It was then that my wife and I were separated by death; separated for the first time in fifty-five years; separated for the first time since she was seventeen and I was twenty-two.

The last five years have passed slowly but not unhappily. I have had my children and my friends around me. Looking back over my long life, I think that no man living to my age ever had greater cause for gratitude, for contentment and for happiness. I am still able to conduct the affairs of my family and have still many interests and occupations. Remembering the large matters that I once controlled, I smile sometimes at the little things that now interest and content me, the new strawberries in my garden, the old books in my library. But such is the most natural and happiest course of a quiet domestic life such as mine has been. The shadows must lengthen as evening approaches, no matter how cloudless a sunset may have been granted by God in His infinite mercy.



